

Vol. XIII

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1903

No. 30.

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Published Monthly by WILLIAM MARION REEDY, at 211 Ozark Building, St. Louis, Mo.

The Mirror

VOL. XIII—No. 30

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1903.

PRICE, FIVE CENTS

The Mirror

Published every Thursday at

N. W. COR. 10TH AND PINE STS.

Telephones: Bell, Main 2147; Kinloch, A 24.

Terms of subscription to The Mirror, including postage in the United States, Canada and Mexico, \$2.00 per year, \$1.00 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$3.50 per year.

Single copies, 5 cents.

News Dealers and Agents throughout the country supplied by the American News Company, or any of its branches.

Payments, which must be in advance, should be made by Check, Money Order, or Registered Letter, Payable to The Mirror, St. Louis.

All business communications should be addressed "Business Manager," The Mirror.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.

FOR SALE IN EUROPE AT

London Anglo-American Exchange,
3 Northumberland Ave.
Munich Zeitungs-Pavillon am Karlsplatz
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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



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JACK: A FRIEND

BY WILLIAM MARION REEDY.

THE Hungarian band was playing "In the Good Old Summer Time," the waiters were flitting around among the tables, some one was singing, and some one else was whistling an accompaniment. A man tip-toed up behind me, slapped me on the shoulder, bent to my ear and whispered, "Jack is dead."

The scenes and sounds faded away, and I saw the poor boy, lying stark in a far Southern clime, far from home, but not far from friends, for all men were his friends, the moment he came among them. The news was not unexpected. He had been ill for a long time, and had gone away with words of cheer and hope upon his lips, but with the sense of doom in his heart. But a few days before the word had been that he was improving. And here was the end. The scenes and sounds were again momentarily cognized only to emphasize the irony of the incident. Life is such a bitter jest in its gladder moods, for it is ever dancing a fantastic rigadon over graves.

Jack was a friend to cherish. His was a heart as tender as a woman's. His was a mind that knew no guile. Though he had long been marked for the grave, yet was he ever merry, with that touch of sadness that suggested a sob beneath the laughter. Women mothered him and confided in him. Men loved him, with that manly sort of love between men of which we in these days are ashamed, but in which men like Shakespeare, Jonson and Raleigh gloried "in the spacious days of great Elizabeth." He was sensitive, but strong. His code of honor was chivalric without ostentation. He was a prince when money was plentiful, and he contemplated with a dignified humorous tone his times of hard luck. There were days when he and others of us were of a lightness of purse that was painful, but he knew a trick or two he had learned in Paris, where he studied art, in the matter of getting along without money, and utterly concealing its absence. He was the man you sought out when you wanted to rest your mind or ease your heart or quiet your conscience, for he was sympathetic to every mood, and when there was something to celebrate,—why, we all turned to Jack as the natural-born master of ceremonies. How many of us remember him presiding over the chafing dish, meanwhile giving excruciating imitations of Sir Henry Irving, and how the ladies screamed with delight when he stepped to the piano and burlesqued some scene in grand opera.

Comes back to me now a little house in a side street wherat Jack was ever at the head of the table. He was the only man in the crowd who could manipulate the somersaulting samovar without scalding all the guests, and do it as if he were Herrmann, the magician, performing something weirdly prestidigitatorial. He was the energizer of festivity, and always in such a quiet, modest way that he was never suspected of showing off. To him the girls all told their troubles as to a confessor, and even the married ladies would appeal to him to arbitrate small matters between them and their husbands. He could fix a run-down clock, or mend a broken plate, or mix a mint julep, or even prepare a hasty supper when, as some-

times happened, the cook succumbed too early to the joyousness of the occasion. And at a pinch, he'd wash the plates after the first course, to make ready for the second, and the girls would go out and watch him in his apron, and pat him on the head, while the men clamored for him to come back and find the cork-screw or the beer-opener. That little house in the side street has other tenants now. One who presided over its destinies, but never without the advice and assistance of Jack, has long lain quiet in the hollow land, although her laughter still rings down the days just as it did when Jack, with ready pencil, caricatured her on a sheet of paper pinned to the wall, or gave imitations of her fumbling about the range what time the cook lay unfortunatously overcome through excessive devotion to the preliminaries of the punch.

Then there were days when Jack gave "pink teas" at his studio. The society matrons were there, and the society girls. He told them all about painting, and promised them a portrait of themselves, every one. Those were the days just after his return from Paris. His work had been honored in the salon. His pictures were in demand. He was painting portraits of local celebrities. He was a "lion." And such a gentle lion. His head was not turned the least little bit. He was ever ready to contribute to the gayety of a small party. His manner was as delicious as running water in the sun. His humor was simple and natural, without a trace of bitterness. He talked praisefully of other artists, and modestly of art in general. His work showed a poetic sense of harmony in color. It had imaginative strength and a fine virility. In portrait painting he could go beneath the vesture of clay and bring forth character. His landscapes were tender, with some hint of the sombre. They were tinted with something of the wistful romance of Brittany. And when he talked, he talked in pictures. His gestures, as it were, made outlines that were filled in with his words. He dreamed of great canvases that would hand down his name to other men. He dreamed, and he tried to work, but the weakness came upon him and his physical strength was unequal to the actualization of his dreams. But, oh, those pictures that he had in his mind, that he would tell in simple words! And always somewhere in the pictures were apple blossoms. In his heart those blooms summarized in one symbol a life-long love of the spring. He would talk of them, even on gusty nights of winter, till you could almost catch their odor in the room. Jack had genius. He had a great gift of affectionateness for men and things. It was rare that he spoke ill of any man. His mind was pure and unsuspecting—almost childlike. He was beautifully wise in his unconcern with problems of all sorts. He never could talk politics, and he took but a languid interest in sport, but he was the best listener in the whole wide world. He didn't care for books, unless they were illustrated, but he loved human character, and had a kindly estimate of it, even in its most sordid manifestations. He could be as congenial with the silliest school-girl as with the man of the world. He did not strike out of life for himself any of the great emotions, but he did extract from it a wonderful wealth of all its milder, softer beauty, and that beauty always informed with something of pathos. He was a man who never told a smutty story, a man who could be a friend to a woman, who revered all women, a man to whom women turned

with something of pity, but more of reliance and faith in the sincerity and purity of his heart. He did not trouble much about religion, but his life, as he lived it, was a benediction to those who knew it. He was unpractical—how we aired ourselves over him as we said it, when we were no more practical ourselves. And often his seeming helplessness against the realities was a very present help in times of trouble to ourselves. He could help you to forget. He could help to heighten happy remembrance. He didn't have to say a word. If he was just around you felt better for it.

On many a brief, swift, foolish night he egged on that conversation that we think so bright, but was wise enough to say nothing of it in the morning. He never bore bad news. He never told one anything that it was unpleasant to hear. He never carried the speech of men to men, or of women to women. His speech was never extravagant or exaggerated. He never impinged upon one's personality harshly or brusquely. He seemed simply to steal into your atmosphere, and fit himself into your mood, to make himself your other self for the while.

No wonder that as I walked away there came a funereal note in the very heart of the maddest Hungarian music made for the merry makers. How empty the merry-making seemed contrasted with one's thoughts of this dear, dead friend's companionship of sympathy in days of careless joy and through long nights of grief. Ah, the vanished days, the vanishing friends! And yet, one fain would say, of one who lived so blithely and so like a blessing to his friends, that he must surely be among the happy dead.

At least, he knows not the dreary, dull pain of waiting for those who return no more. A prayer for them all: "Eternal rest give unto them, O, Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them."



REFLECTIONS

Johnson to the Fore

RICH and restless Tom L. Johnson has won his preliminary victory. He has been put at the head of the Ohio Democratic State ticket. He will give the Republicans a stiff, strenuous fight. The kinetic Mayor of Cleveland is a fighter, who loves a stern fight above everything else. And that he is popular cannot be doubted. He is in complete control of the party machinery in his State. His fiat is law everywhere, except in Hamilton County (Cincinnati), where McLean and Zimmermann have formed a defensive and offensive alliance against Tom, the ambitious Clevelander. The Ohio contest will be watched with intense interest by Democratic and Republican leaders. In the event of Tom's victory at the polls, he would at once be looked upon as a prominent and promising aspirant to the Presidency in 1904. Will he be put in the Ohio gubernatorial chair? It seems very doubtful at the present time. The McLean-Zimmermann faction will knife him wherever it can, with vim and gusto. That it is a formidable factor was demonstrated to everybody's satisfaction in the fall elections of 1902. Between now and the melancholy days of November, Marcus Alonzo Hanna will be extremely busy. Johnson will give him the fight of his life, and, perhaps, make it a little difficult for him, at times, to abide by his resolution to "stand pat." The Johnson platform endorses the Kansas City platform of 1900 in elastic and diplomatically prudent mode. The Lincoln statesman has reason to be satisfied with its ambiguity, although it must be apparent to him that it may mean everything, and may mean nothing.

Tapping Marconigrams

THE wireless telegraph system does not, as yet, seem to be in perfect order. A good deal of trouble was experienced with it during the late army and navy manœuvres. Officers declare many "marconigrams" were intercepted by the "enemy." The Italian inventor will have to "make good" his promise to perfect his system in such a manner as to preclude all possibility of tapping, or obstructing the sending of messages. Owing to the moderate cost and comparative simplicity of the wireless apparatus, the interception of telegrams transmitted by it is a facile trick. Signor Marconi should lose no time in removing this drawback to his system of aëro-telegraphy. As long as no means have been invented to prevent tapping, his company will not meet with the financial success that it anticipates.



Killing Trusts

SOME jurisprudential luminary delivered an address before the American Bar Association, the other day, in which he advocated taxing trusts out of existence. This looks like a feasible scheme. For have we not the dictum of the United States Supreme Court that the power to tax involves the power to destroy? Yet, come to think of it,—how are you going to exterminate trusts by a liberal use of the taxing power when the Republican majority in Congress does not consider it advisable to reduce or remove all tariff duties affording them aid and comfort? Without tariff revision of the proper sort, monopolies cannot be effectively curbed. No matter what drastic measures of taxation may be resorted to, the trusts will spring up and prosper and oppress the people as long as they are left in absolute control of the domestic market and have nothing to fear from foreign competition. The only efficacious way to "bust" those trusts that fail to "bust" themselves is to remove protective tariff duties. Nothing better than free and unlimited competition has ever been invented in the field of trust "busting."



Spain's Dark Future

POLITICALLY and economically, Spain's position is growing well-nigh hopeless. The national finances are totally deranged; taxes are oppressively high; political dissensions are rife, and the army of unemployed people in the large cities is menacingly large. Young Alfonso's government does not seem to be popular, because of its incompetency to deal with the pressing complex problems of the times. It lacks resoluteness; it is aimless in its purposes and idiotically distrustful of liberal ideals and movements. The constant changes in the personnel of ministries is a bad omen. It indicates that the friends of the monarchy are losing heart and faith, that they are considering themselves unable to bring order out of the chaotic state of affairs. The present Premier, Senor Villaverde, is an energetic, progressive and experienced statesman, who knows full well where the shoe pinches. Yet it is very doubtful that he will be able to accomplish more than did his predecessors in office. It would seem that he intends to apply himself with determined zeal to the task of readjusting the finances and of equalizing taxation. But it is unreasonable to expect him to meet with the longed-for success, in view of the prevailing intense bitterness of political strife. He is being opposed in the carrying out of his tentative plans with relentless fanaticism by the reactionist party, which is firmly entrenched in the royal palace. It is mossbackism of the worst kind that proves the curse and ruin of Spain, and makes all attempts at reform along the right lines seem utterly abortive. Spain's

future appears to be fraught with dire portents and perils. All one can see in store for it is revolution and an overthrow of the present form of government. The most sinister feature of the country's political situation is the unending, formidable agitation among the Catalonians for autonomy or annexation to France. But for the strong precautionary measures taken by the Madrid government, the revolutionists of Barcelona would long since have gone to extremes. Their secret propaganda is making rapid headway. It would not be surprising in the least, if the impetus to a general revolution were to be given by the citizens of Barcelona, the recognized industrial emporium of the kingdom. Spain's *vita nuova* will yet be ushered in.



A Monstrous Measure

THERE'S a bill pending in the Michigan Legislature providing for the "asexualization" of all morally and mentally unfit people. That bill should be killed. It is barbaric in conception, monstrous in intent. It may be scientific, but it's not humane. Under our Christian system of ethics, such a thing as "asexualization" is utterly inconceivable. Civilized society will prefer to increase the number of asylums and prisons a hundred fold rather than resort to the "scientific" practice of emasculating its known or possible enemies.



An Unfortunate Turk

IT now leaks out that M. Rostkowsky, the Russian consul recently killed at Monastir, was an extremely arrogant and brutal individual. He gave the Turkish sentinel who shot him in the head ample provocation by vilely insulting and horsewhipping him without the least excuse. The poor soldier was merely obeying orders when he commanded the consul to desist in his purpose to penetrate into a section of the city which was occupied by a strong military force. By this strict, honorable performance of duty he aroused the wrath of the Russian, who, after administering a brutish horsewhipping in true Muscovite fashion, threatened to shoot him down with a pistol. Then, the sentinel, in self-defence, leveled his rifle and killed his rude aggressor on the first shot. Yet, for acting as every self-respecting man would have acted in the same place and under the same circumstances, the poor fellow was ordered court-martialed and sentenced to be executed, because the Russian Government considered itself aggrieved and demanded his blood. One cannot but pity his fate. The average Turk is a bad man, but, occasionally, not as bad as he is painted. Undoubtedly, there are Christian subjects of the Sultan who could give the bashi-bazouks cards and spades in barbaric warfare.



The Magelsen Affair

IT was "strenuous" statesmanship which ordered American warships to Beirut immediately on the receipt of a fake cablegram announcing that Consul Magelsen had been killed by fanatical Moslems. And it was also preposterously rash. Why didn't the Administration await full verification of the news before cabling hurry-up orders to Admiral Cotton and making statements giving the saffron journals occasion to "throw fits" over Turkish outrages, and the extreme probability of a seizure of Beirut, or any other old Ottoman harbor, by American cruisers? This Magelsen affair proved once more how insensately volatile Americans have grown, and how prone they are to fly off their hinges. This opera bouffe incident is made still more ridiculous by reports that Consul Magelsen was attacked, not by religious zealots, but by a love-crazed fellow, who thought the handsome American was about to "cut him out" in the affections of a voluptuous harem belle. It's a

good thing, after all, that there's really "something doing" in the Sultan's dominions, and holding out prospects that the American fleet squadron may yet be called upon to do something else beyond cooling its heels after reaching Beirut and making sure that Magelsen is still in the land of the living.



Redeeming Land

THE United States Land Office has issued an order throwing the famous Florida Everglades open to white settlers. Steps are to be taken to drain the swamps, which cover more than a thousand square miles. A great canal, twelve feet deep, three hundred feet wide and fifty miles long, will connect Lake Okeechobee with the Atlantic and carry off the rainy season's floods. The cost of this canal will be two million dollars. It will be the means of redeeming, approximately, six hundred thousand acres of land, which is expected to prove of wonderful fertility. At the Department of Agriculture the belief obtains that, eventually, the drained Everglades will excel Cuba in sugar production. Of course, the Seminole Indians, of whom about two hundred and twenty-five still live in the almost impenetrable wilds of the Everglades, will have to make the best of conditions and accept small allotments in severalty. Thus, the Nation's agricultural domain will receive another important addition. Modern agricultural and engineering science will, in course of time, make still more important conquests. It will halt before neither swamp nor desert. Where the soil's power to produce is in shackles, it will be set free, where it is slumbering, it will be awakened.



As to Monetary Legislation

THE prospects for currency legislation are anything but bright. Neither the President, nor his Secretary of the Treasury appear to be very enthusiastic about doing something to please imperiled stock-jobbers. At least, they are no longer as sincerely enthusiastic about it as they were a few months ago. Perhaps Congressman Cannon's contemptuous remarks regarding a "rubber currency" and his late conference with the President have been partly responsible for this sudden change of attitude on the part of the Administration. The Illinoisian does not think there is any need for "lawing" at the present time. He believes the country has a volume of money sufficient for all legitimate commercial and financial requirements. Since the summer of 1902, the bank-note circulation has undergone a decided expansion. What demand for more currency there is emanates exclusively from Wall street, where promoters' syndicates are in a tight box and unable to extricate themselves without disastrous pecuniary losses. It being clearly recognized on the part of all competent observers that, for the time being, our currency system is good enough for all reasonable purposes, and known that the volume of circulating media is constantly being augmented, why should Congress be asked again to tackle a subject of which ninety-five per cent of its members are supremely ignorant? The financial measure that could be passed at the next session would not be likely to be an improvement of the kind really required. There is a large number of pseudo financial critics who argue profoundly about the necessity of having a more elastic monetary system, without being qualified or able to make any half-way practicable recommendations as to how such a system could be established. There are, in fact, altogether, too many would-be financial doctors to justify the belief that any good, serviceable legislation could be enacted. Outside of Wall street, there's no financial "sickness" anywhere in this country. The promoters and stock-jobbers who are suffering in conse-

quence of having absorbed too many "indigestible" securities should take their medicine without any further ado and stop regaling and frightening other people with their tales of woe and hard luck.



More Pensions

A SERVICE pension law is what the Grand Army of the Republic now demands. The country is so prodigiously prosperous and the surplus in the Federal Treasury so unwieldy that the veterans cannot but feel that the Government could be still more submissively generous to them than it is. It is estimated that, under a service pension law, the total annual pension payments would foot up to almost two hundred million dollars, an amount that even J. P. Morgan could not afford to sneeze at. The Grand Army of the Republic is a fine body of business men. It has seized the proper psychological moment for the formulation of its latest demand. The Nation is just rolling in wealth, and does not mind the payment of an additional bagatelle of forty or fifty million dollars. Besides, the larger the pension payments, the more money there will be in circulation, and the less danger of a tight money market. Perhaps it wouldn't be such a bad idea to hand the whole Treasury surplus over to the veterans. Action along this line would be more effective in giving "elasticity" to our currency system than a dozen Aldrich bills together. The National Administration and the Republicans in Congress should give earnest attention to the Prætorians' timely requisition. The money might as well be given to them as to Wall street syndicates. Secretary Shaw has already announced that he has a nice little sum of forty millions laid aside for emergency use. That would just suffice to make a good start with service pensions, and to put the veterans in good humor, preparatory to another National political contest, in which the Republican will need their votes.



Climatic Changes

A MAGAZINE writer declares that the American climate is undergoing a gradual change, that the winters are growing milder and the summers more rainless. Eventually, he predicts, the midland region of the cotton belt "will become as dry as a Kansas holiday." He regards as an ominous sign the appearance of the locust, the harbinger of the desert, on the Atlantic coast plain. One would be disposed to lend more credence to talk of this kind if it had not been heard so often in the past, and invariably failed of materialization. Meteorological records nowhere tend to indicate that climatic conditions are changing in this country, or, for that matter, anywhere else on the globe. They are pretty much the same now that they were for many centuries. Weather prophets are apt to pay too much attention to occasional, abnormal meteorological conditions, and to draw utterly untenable deductions therefrom. It can certainly not be said that the sphere of aridity in the West and Southwest has widened in the last twenty-five years. Judging by the way the small farmer is pushing ahead in regions formerly looked upon as unarable and unproductive, the belief is justified that the arid belt is contracting right along.



Mysterious Radium

M. CURIE recently communicated to the French Physical Society a paper of absorbing interest on the subject of the heat production of radium. It will be remembered that he and his accomplished wife were the original discoverers of this fascinating, wonderful substance, which possesses a "unique and unprecedented power of emission of heat." M. Curie now

demonstrates that this emission is constant until the temperature falls to the fearfully intense cold of liquid hydrogen, when the *emission is increased*. This must, unquestionably, be looked upon as the most startling feature of radio-activity. Who would ever have thought it possible for heat emission to increase the closer temperature approaches to zero! In trying to explain this mystifying scientific phenomena, the London *Spectator* asks: "If radio-activity is due to the constant breaking up of a very small number of the radium atoms, is it not likely, in the vicinity of the absolute zero, that there would be an increased tendency for the stored potential energy to convert itself into heat; in other words, for a larger number of atoms to shrink and dissolve?" The more one studies this radio-activity, the more one must be disposed to believe radium will yet knock many a popular scientific principle into a cocked hat. Vast are its potentialities; absolutely nonplussing the marvelous manifestations of its properties. Its discovery marked the beginning of a new and glorious epoch in scientific investigation.



Newport's Latest

FASHIONABLE Newport has a new social pet in Joseph Loftin, a South Carolina negro, who is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Pembroke Jones. He is described as being remarkably handsome and impressive in appearance. He talks several modern languages with fluency, and possesses an extraordinary amount of *savoir faire*. At all social functions, theater and yachting parties he is a familiar figure. He is in utter contrast to dainty, soft-brained, effeminate Harry Lehr. There's fascination in his Senegambian skin. He satisfies the Newport Desdemona's longing for variety. He may yet displace the insipid Harry of the monkey-shines, with roses in his hair. As a pulchritudinous "coon," of various scholarly attainments, Joseph Loftin is a decided novelty, and should soon become a social lion.



Stylish Footwear

THE "Dolly Varden" heel is working no end of mischief. According to solemn assurance given, in strict professional confidence, by honest chiropodists, the number of women seeking treatment for ailing and disfigured feet has increased enormously of late. The "Dolly Varden" shoe is a misfit, undoubtedly. Besides ruining fair feet, it makes it difficult for women to gain and keep their poise, inasmuch as it induces the weight of the body to be thrown forward. This, of course, involves an undue strain of the muscles and spine. There are some medical observers who confidently believe that high-heeled shoes are responsible for the deranging of many a nervous system. Yet, what's the use of talking along these lines? Capricious woman will continue to buy "Dolly Varden" shoes, simply because they are in fashion. She prefers to have ruined nerves, aching, bunion-covered feet, a dislocated spine, and a variety of other troublesome ills, rather than be not in style. If that epigrammatic old Frenchman were still alive to-day, he would surely change his famous phrase, "*le style c'est l'homme*," and make it read, instead, "*le style c'est la femme*."



The Trotting Record

LOU DILLON has broken the record. Lou Dillon has fulfilled the hopes and dreams of generations of horsemen. She has trotted a mile in two minutes. A wonderful achievement, which promises still more wonderful achievements. All hail to Lou Dillon! May she live long enough to see her own glorious record beaten! The trotting record is an interesting one. Exactly when it was first lowered to two-thirty

is not known. The equine heroines of fifty years ago—Lady Suffolk and Mae and Tacony—were well within the two-thirty limit. Since then, the record has been constantly lowering. But the real glory of the modern trotting turf began only when it had dropped below two-twenty. Great Flora Temple it was who, just forty-four years ago, smashed all precedents with her splendid performance of two-nineteen and three-quarters. Then, the horseman's ambition "dropped" to two-ten, and that ambition was realized by Jay-Eye-See, twenty-five years after Flora Temple's crowning achievement. But that record stood for only one day, for it was beaten the day after by gallant Maud S., who clipped off another quarter, making it two-nine and three-quarters. Since then, Sunol, Nancy Hanks, Alix and Cresceus have all tried their best to make the record stand exactly two minutes, but in vain. It was reserved for bully Lou Dillon to bring it about. Will the record be lowered still further? Undoubtedly. The present generation may yet read of an one-fifty notch. With the constant improvement in horse-breeding, the limit in trotting is not as yet in sight. Ten years from now, Lou Dillon's performance may be held in no higher esteem than Flora Temple's is to-day.



The Panama Rebellion

Down there, on the Isthmus of Panama, where fevers are plentiful and mosquitoes of enormous size and appetite, the good people are thoroughly disgusted, and all on account of the refusal of the Bogota deputies to ratify the canal treaty. The Panamese want the canal builded, because it means money in their pockets. Without it, their region and business interests wouldn't be worth thirty cents. The completion of the ditch would increase the commercial importance of Panama a hundred fold; it would result in the building up of a second Alexandria, on that narrow strip of territory. All this is so well recognized and appreciated by the Panamese that they have decided to organize and push a little rebellion of their own. They believe that in no other way can the obstinate deputies, (who, it is to be presumed, were the beneficiaries of a large-sized "slush-fund" made up by interests hostile to the construction of the canal), be induced to reconsider and to permit *los Estados Unidos* to dig the ditch, for which forty million dollars is to be paid to the French Hutin syndicate. Perhaps the Colombian deputies could be made more pliant by subventory payments from Washington. The Latins have ever been susceptible to cash blandishments. Since, however, the American Government is not prepared to make use of such dubious methods, the Panamese intend to supersede the efforts of diplomacy with the more convincing, because more forcible, arts of revolutionary warfare. If you will not ratify the treaty, they tell the deputies with itching palms, we propose to gain our political independence. According to late dispatches, the rebellion has already passed the incipient stage. American adventurers are expected to render the insurgents effective aid. They are quite numerous in Central America, and ever ready to participate in a good fight, no matter where or for what. In the meanwhile, the American Government can afford to await developments. The Colombians may yet come to their senses and accept the terms offered under the Hay-Herran treaty. That would, at least, be decidedly more advantageous, from every standpoint, than a protracted struggle with revolutionary armies. One cannot blame the Panamese for their defiant, rebellious attitude. They have ample reason to be in bad humor when their government values a "slush fund" more than the economic welfare and future prosperity of thousands of its citizens.

THE INCONSIDERATE SEX

BY JOSEPH DANA MILLER.

PERHAPS the chief characteristic of most women is their want of consideration, not so much for the feelings as for the rights of others. I speak now, chiefly of rights. Women will often wantonly tread upon the sensibilities of both their own and the other sex, but this they will do commonly from coquetry, or deliberately from other motives, rarely from thoughtlessness, or from contempt of sensibilities. Their disregard of rights has its origin, not in coquetry, nor in the survival of traits of which coquetry, might be regarded as the parent, but purely in their ignorance of and indifference to rights.

In this respect they are the incarnation of selfishness. Capable of a world of self-sacrifice where their loves are involved, they will yield not only the rights and liberties that properly belong to others, but their own with equal readiness. These two traits are associated, for slavishness finds its origin in those very qualities that make the tyrant.

The behavior of women in public places marks their inconsiderateness. Their manner of carrying an umbrella in a crowd is noticeable. Very rarely will a woman move her parachute to the right or left side to avoid hitting some one in the eye. In the cars or other places of conveyance they exhibit the same disregard of the rights of others. For years women persisted in obstructing the view of theater-goers by wearing large hats until managers in self-defence had to adopt rules that forced them to make some concession to other people—who had come to see the play. Women now generally doff their hats in places of amusement, because it has become the custom, and women are great sticklers for custom, even for rights disguised as customs. It is women and not men who do the talking at concert and opera that fairly maddens those whose purpose in attending is to see and listen to the performance. It seems innate. In the matter of gossip, women ignore in the same way the rights of others. They cannot conceive that there is such a thing as rights of privacy. Thus, too, their tendency to borrow and not return trifles of no value is almost universal, for they have no appreciation of the rights of property. The malady of kleptomania is more common among women than men. In the matter of correspondence and private papers, few women feel any compunction in prying into them, if they can do so in secret. The trait of curiosity proverbially and not without reason, attributed to women springs from the same unwholesome contempt of rights—of the rights of others to their secrets. So exaggerated is this tendency in women that it extends to a devouring curiosity into the most petty and frivolous of privacies.

It is true of all men or women that to a disinclination to yield to others rights that properly belong to them is united a willingness to sacrifice their own. This is the explanation of the apathy with which women regard the agitation of those few members of their sex who have, for generations, striven for the removal of their legal disabilities. This apathy originates in the same source—ignorance or contempt of rights, whence springs all these minor wants of consideration in the private walks of life. They will demand, most strenuously, concessions as matters of privilege for themselves—which any master may grant the inferior in a condition of servitude—privileges wrung by coquetry, or accorded as incidents of flirtation from the other sex, privileges which are the prevailing customs of sexual relationship, the meaningless fashions of galantry. But that they have any rights springing from the nature of their being, their position in society, their relation to others—this, indeed, rarely occurs to them,

quite as rarely, in fact, as that others have correlative rights. Women will sacrifice all to a man, but in doing so, they will ignore the rights of every other man.

From what springs all this? Just as it is impossible to bring an indictment against a people—as Buckle has pointed out—so is it equally impossible to bring an indictment against the sex unless we qualify it. For virtues and vices are shared in about equal measure, save as circumstances, years of custom, long acceptance of habits, of thought, have modified or intensified them, or determined their direction. Women are the Inconsiderate Sex, in whom appears to be almost entirely absent any conception of rights. There must be a reason for this. And, indeed, there is. What women are, men have made them. Civilization has arrived for women as well as for men. But women lag a little behind. For civilization is not dependent upon concessions or privileges, but upon rights, and civilization is lost by a failure to assert rights, vehemently and constantly to assert them. But women have been taught to look upon themselves as men have looked upon them—as the inferior half of humanity, useful either as playthings, or for the purpose of bringing men into the world. What they have obtained has been granted them as concessions, has been accorded them by reason of sexual attraction, or out of pity for their weakness—in short, from such considerations as are extended to sections of humanity in servitude, rarely wrested from privilege as the recognition of inherent rights. Thus women have been taught, their natures moulded, their impressions shapened. It is this profounder aspect of the problem that explains why in trivial and minuter but exasperating ways women are the Inconsiderate Sex.



DOLLAR WHEAT

BY L. ARTHUR STANTON.

RAIN speculators continue to talk, and seem confident, of a sharp advance in the price of wheat. According to their ideas, the world's supply of this product is now abnormally small. At the same time, however, they fail to explain why it is that our exports of wheat and flour are continuing on such a small scale. For the past week, they were barely half as large as for the corresponding week in 1902. If the world's supply is not what it should be, why do Europeans fail to make heavier purchases in the United States in order to stock up in anticipation of a scarcity later on?

Undoubtedly, a boost in the price to one dollar a bushel, or even more, could easily be engineered—by anybody with the requisite amount of money and "nerve." But could the high level be maintained for a sufficient length of time to permit those engaged in "cornering" tactics to "unload" their stuff at a profit? Joseph Leiter tried his hand, a few years ago, at that sort of thing for several months, and at one time it was thought that he had discovered the secret of giving farmers not only dollar, but two dollar wheat. While his exciting bull campaign was in progress, the newspapers used to entertain the reading yahoos with fantastic yarns about the millions that "Joe" was accumulating. The "hayseed" community was in the pink of spirits during the time prices kept on advancing and advancing. "Joe" was hailed as the "wizard" of the Chicago Board of Trade and the benefactor of farmers. At last, however, the brilliant *coup* came to a sudden and ignominious end. When "Joe" had, by sheer force and ingenuity of manipulation, succeeded in lifting the price above the one dollar mark, wheat began to pour in from all directions. To protect himself, he had to buy and buy until his means had been exhausted, and his wealthy father refused longer to assist his venturesome young son in his sen-

THE INDIANS' LAND

WHERE CORRUPTION HOLDS CARNIVAL.

sationally bold operations in the grain pit. Then, "Joe" quit and "laid down." Afterwards, the news was given out that his loving father had found himself obliged to mortgage some of his valuable real estate in Chicago in order to pull his ambitious boy out of a fearful hole. That was the finish of "Joe" Leiter's speculative coup.

A little over a year ago, John W. Gates, the market manipulator *par excellence*, created no end of furore with his adroit rigging of the corn and oats market. He, also, was the hero of a short hour, and made the most of it. When his friends advised him to try to be a trifle less "brilliant" in the conducting of his experiments, and reminded him of the fact that nobody had ever succeeded in profitably "running a corner" in agricultural staples, sportive John only smiled that confident smile of a man who is cock-sure of himself. How could anything furthered or undertaken by him prove a fiasco? Perish the thought! Was there ever before a man who could at all be considered his equal in "running corners," in teasing bulls and squeezing bears? Extremely self-satisfied, he continued to bask in the sunshine of fame and the mob's adulations, he, "*le chevalier sans peur et. . .*" (perhaps it wouldn't be right to give the full quotation.)

Soon, however, ominous rumors began to spread about John's having been caught in a trap. The markets had come to a suggestive standstill. The manipulator began to recognize that he had assumed too big a load, and that he could only save himself from disaster of the worst kind by selling in an unostentatious, yet uninterrupted and wholesale fashion. And so he sold. Naturally, prices came down at once; they dropped forty to fifty cents a bushel in corn. The break was accelerated by the forced liquidation of thousands of "suckers" who had clung to John's coat tails, and bought at the top and at the very time when their hero could only, with difficulty, restrain himself from exclaiming in sheer terror: "*sauve qui peut!*"

Now it is proposed to "corner" wheat, and to put the price to at least one dollar a bushel. As above stated, this can be done. It is not very difficult for experienced, adroit market manipulators. But is this the proper time for bull operations of this kind? There has been no failure in this year's wheat crop in the United States, Canada, France, Russia, Germany and Austria-Hungary. This season's crop deficit in Europe will, probably, be a little larger than is usually the case, but it will surely not be of sufficient proportion to warrant a permanent quotation of one dollar a bushel. If Europeans were really alarmed about conditions and prospects, they would not hesitate to buy eagerly at prevailing quotations. As it is, however, their purchases of wheat in this country are, at present, extraordinarily small, and will be still smaller if the intention to boost the market should be carried out.

The "cornering" of agricultural commodities invariably does more harm than good. It benefits no one. The prevailing bull manipulation in the cotton market has caused many cotton factories to shut down indefinitely, and reduced exports of this important staple to a minimum. The bringing about of a similar state of affairs in the wheat market would prove a costly curse, instead of a blessing. It would only tend still further to restrict our shipments of agricultural staples and enable our vigilant competitors in the wheat and flour trade to make heavy inroads upon our foreign markets.

It should be borne in mind that the limit in wheat production has not yet been reached, by any means. Argentina, Chili, Canada, Siberia and India are countries whose possibilities in wheat-raising are simply incalculable.

THE late scandalous disclosures regarding corrupt practices on the part of Federal officials have served once more luridly to emphasize the necessity of a speedy and radical change in the Indian Territory's political status. As long as it is allowed to remain under immediate control of the National Government, the progressive people of the Territory will be afflicted with a horde of unscrupulous officials, who are only intent upon amassing wealth by the immoral and even criminal misuse of their power and opportunity. The Territory is entitled to Statehood, and has been for some time. Its wealth and population are rapidly expanding. After they have once secured Statehood, the citizens will transform the Indian's land into one of the finest and most promising Commonwealths of the Nation.

In view of what has lately occurred, and the interest which has thereby been aroused in conditions now prevailing in the Territory, it may not be amiss to reproduce here from the *Kansas City Journal* a sketchy review of its history, development and present status and needs.

By treaties negotiated during the administration of President Jackson, the Cherokees, Creeks, Seminoles, Chickasaws and Choctaws surrendered their lands east of the Mississippi River and elsewhere, and emigrated to Indian Territory. This region, then uninhabited and greatly larger than its present dimensions, the United States by various treaties apportioned among these five tribes, ceded to each its share in perpetuum with the right of self-government, and guaranteed to them all, that they never should be subjected to the jurisdiction of any State or territory. Thus they lived, with the whole West for their hunting grounds, and absolutely ungoverned except by their own customs and laws, until the War of the Rebellion, when they allied themselves with the Confederacy. After peace was declared, instead of treating them as enemies and confiscating their lands, as it had the right to do, the United States recognized the old treaties as still in force; but did, nevertheless, out of the necessities of the times, secure, in 1866, additional treaties which, among other things, nullified all agreements made with the Confederate States; repealed all confiscation laws; freed their slaves, who afterwards were made members of the tribes and amply provided for; established United States courts in the Chickasaw, Choctaw and Cherokee nations, which, however, were not to interfere with the local judiciary; and contained a further provision whereby each nation agreed to such legislation as Congress might deem necessary for the better administration of justice in Indian Territory.

These tribal governments did not work well. They were weak, partisan, arbitrary and corrupt. Hordes of designing white men, both by connivance and in defiance of the Indians, settled in the territory and by marriage and adoption were made citizens of the different tribes. With their half breed offspring they became chiefs and rulers; but they used their power for oppression and fraud. They issued bonds and warrants for illegal purposes, robbed the treasuries, stole the taxes, sold rights and privileges for boodle, inaugurated a grand system of graft, appropriated the mines and the timber and segregated vast areas of pasture lands for their own use. There was great wealth among the few and want among the many. A veritable reign of tyranny, terror and disorder prevailed, and the life and property of none, except the most powerful and wicked, were secure. These outrageous conditions became intolerable, but the only

remedy lay in a violation of the treaties, and this the United States proceeded in part to do. About half the lands which had been ceded as above described to the five tribes was taken away in 1890, placed under a territorial form of government and called Oklahoma. Over the remaining portion a United States court was established with jurisdiction both in criminal and civil cases.

There was ample justification, morally and legally, for this drastic procedure. The tribes induced or allowed thousands of American citizens to settle within their boundaries. An American government thereupon, as none other was possible, became necessary and inevitable. Moreover, the Indians, by suffering individuals to appropriate large tracts of land out of their public domain, did of themselves violate the treaty stipulation, expressed or understood, in the case of all the tribes, which provided that every Indian "shall have an equal right with every other Indian in each and every portion of the territory." So much for the moral phase. Now, as a legal proposition, the Supreme Court has decided that in point of law a treaty is of no more sanctity than a statute, and that no prior acts of Congress can prevent it, at a subsequent session, from rescinding the one or repealing the other. The Indians who are not citizens of the United States are regarded as in a condition of pupilage or dependency, and subject to the paramount authority of the Federal government.

Being satisfied with the morality and legality of its control, Congress took those preliminary steps which signalized 1890 as the year of the new birth for Indian Territory. Had all officials in charge since that date been honest and faithful, this legislation would have sped that which followed, and the land of the five civilized tribes would be ready to-day for State government. But politics and corruption have done their worst. Without exaggeration the greatest crime of this generation has been committed in a neglected region in the very heart of the Nation. Over 400,000 white and black American citizens are living under a caliphate as arbitrary and as wrong in principle and debauched in fact as any in Turkey. Except within the corporate limits of towns and cities, there is no law by which taxes can be raised for bridges, roads, prisons, asylums or schools. The guilty often escape because justice is handicapped. The insane are shackled and chained like wild beasts to a stake, and thousands of children are growing up in ignorance and crime because of the want of free instruction.

Near 80,000 Indian citizens, illiterate, half savage, with no business instinct and with all the weakness and vices of their race, are the helpless victims of agents, inspectors, commissioners and their pals, many of whom, if reports be true, ought now to be in the penitentiary. Some 20,000,000 acres of land of untold value, owned indiscriminately by infants, women, idiots and incompetent barbarians, are being filched from their possession by the connivance of many of the very men sworn to protect them. Oil wells producing thousands of barrels a day are already gone. The extensive coal fields are going, and even homesteads which were supposed to be inalienable for twenty-one years rest upon shaky titles. If this fraud and great wrong is not stopped, it will not be long before the United States will have legions of paupers and an army of desperate warriors to take care of and handle. Last year, Congress had to appropriate \$15,000 for the relief of indigent Indians living in the midst of wealth, in the Creek nation alone. This startling fact should serve as a warning.

In order to understand how injustice on such a gigantic scale can be practiced, a knowledge of the form of government existing at present in Indian Ter-

ritory is necessary. Affairs are administered by the Interior Department, the United States courts, and, to some extent, by tribal authorities. The latter deal only with insignificant and peculiarly tribal matters. The courts are four in number, and with their commissioners try all civil and criminal cases. The Interior Department acts through an agent, an inspector and the Dawes Commission. The agent regulates trade and commerce under the law between Indians and whites, collects royalties, taxes and payments due to the tribes, acts as treasurer for several of them and pays out warrants, and generally tries to settle all complaints by Indians against non-citizens. The inspector exercises supervision over the agent and general direction over the tribal schools and revenues, the mining trustees and townsite commissioners, and makes reports and suggestions to the Secretary of the Interior. The Dawes Commission was appointed in 1893 for the purpose of bringing about a surrender of tribal relations and the allotment of lands. This duty was accomplished, and the Commission, being authorized thereto, took a census and prepared the citizenship rolls of the five tribes, and is now engaged in appraising and allotting all lands not reserved and segregated for particular purposes.

The most important piece of legislation in reference to Indian Territory is the Curtis Act, passed in 1898. Its object is, as expressed by a previous Act, "to establish a government in Indian Territory which will rectify the many inequalities and discriminations now existing in said territory, and afford needful protection to the lives and property of all citizens and residents thereof." The effect, as far as it goes, has been beneficial. Old treaties were abrogated, the conditions in the various tribes were equalized, the last remnants of executive, judicial and legislative authority were taken out of their hands, provision was made for the organization of towns with self-government, safeguards were thrown around the Indian, and the power of the Secretary of the Interior and his subordinates was defined and enlarged, with the purpose of speedily bringing about the change so much to be desired.

But even if officials were not corrupt, the administration of affairs under the Curtis Act cannot be much longer endured. The whites are six to one of the entire population. So some form of local and self-government should be established. Even the Indians are now free American citizens, made so by Act of Congress in 1901.



A GAME OF MIRACLES

BY BERNARD BARRY.

WHEN Captain Adams, U. S. V., assumed military control of San Enrique, the aristocracy, consisting of a few Spaniards and many *mestizos*, received him with open arms. The captain was pleased with the prospect. His regiment had been ordered from the more arduous campaign in Luzon to recuperate, and, at the same time, to restrain the inhabitants of Negros Island from emulating their more pugnacious brethren. The regiment needed a rest badly, and as the captain strolled through the town of San Enrique, he felt certain that his company's task would not be irksome. Cheerful brown faces grinned at him from the doorways of the yellow *nipa* huts, and now and then he caught a glimpse of a fairer countenance at the window of one of the larger houses.

In the evening he visited the *mestizo presidente*, and paid compliments in rather unique Spanish to the official's very stout wife and rather pretty daughters. Presently he was set before an excellent dinner and genuine champagne. There were other guests, and when the dishes were cleared away, cards were pro-

duced and the gathering, male and female, sat down to play *monte*, the chief amusement of the Filipino aristocracy. It is never played entirely for amusement, however, and in the course of an hour Captain Adams had before him *pesos* and notes to the extent of several hundred. Then came Padre Patricio, the Jesuit, who was spiritual guardian of San Enrique.

The assemblage rose respectfully when he entered, but he graciously motioned them to be seated. He was excessively cordial to the captain. "Too damned good-natured," thought the captain, sulkily. He was annoyed because the padre looked very well-fed, while he was many pounds underweight from work and semi-starvation.

The captain's irritation increased when his pile of *pesos* began to diminish, and a pile rapidly accumulated before the representative of the church. Wherefore the officer began to watch him intently.

"Pardon, padre," said Captain Adams, quietly; "I believe that some of the cards have fallen into your lap."

A look of bland surprise came over the smooth, round face. "*Mira!*" he said in soft astonishment; "it is so," and he drew four cards from his lap and restored them to the pack. Two more dropped out of the loose sleeve of his black robe. "How careless I am," he said.

Some of the girls smiled; the padre was so absent-minded.

"In some parts of America they shoot people for carelessness at cards," observed the captain. A murmur of astonished interest rose.

"That is very foolish, is it not?" inquired the padre, gently. "I think that it is best to play all games quietly."

"Our dear padre," began the *presidente*, "is so absorbed in holy thoughts that he often—"

Padre Patricio shot a glance toward the civil head which caused that power to check himself abruptly. The military head noted the little pantomime with mingled indignation and amusement, but turned to answer a number of questions from a feminine neighbor.

Back in his quarters that evening, the captain pondered over the situation. "I wish that I had let Father Pat alone," he thought. "This is a nice, quiet, comic opera town, and I have my chance to get the reputation of an AI administrator. Of course, the boys could hold them if they broke, but as the colonel said, 'We're here to pacify them, not to wallop them.' It's the devil to have both lieutenants in the hospital when a fellow needs some one to chat with. Well, I'll see Jimmie in the morning and hold a council of war. I see trouble, Father Pat."

"Jimmie" Bates, the first sergeant, strode into the captain's room early the next morning, and, saluting with a flourish, reported, "Comp'ny all present, excepting two drunk."

"Very well, sit down, Jimmie," said the officer. The sergeant sat on a trunk, waiting attentively. "Do you think Wolcott is trustworthy?"

"Wolcott" was a bullet-headed little Filipino, so-called because he bore some resemblance to a negro pugilist of that name. He had been employed as kitchen help by the company before the capture of Manila, and had come to be regarded as indispensable.

"Wolcott is the only square 'gu gu' in the Philippines," replied the sergeant.

"Well, I want him to do a little secret-service work. I want him to hang around the church whenever there is anything going on there. And tell him to pretend to all the Filipinos he meets that he don't care a rap about us. Don't tell any of the men that I expect any mix-up, but see that not more than a squad is out of hail of the barracks at a time. See that Pop (the

bugler) goes to bed sober every night till further notice, understand?"

"Yes, sir," replied the sergeant, saluting.

Captain Adams put his men through a half-hour of snappy skirmish drill that morning, on the plaza outside the barracks. To wind it up he charged them for two hundred yards against an imaginary foe. As the day was burning hot, the men grumbled, wondering why their commander "made fools out of them." But the captain noted with great satisfaction that a crowd of curious natives were decidedly impressed by the charge, which was as he intended.

When the three powers—military, civil, and ecclesiastical—met accidentally at the little café near the *presidente's* house, they elevated glasses of brandy and soda in unison to the "Salute." Never were there three powers on such harmonious terms.

But three nights later the first sergeant dragged a breathless Wolcott into the captain's room, and attempted to restore him to a state of coherence with kicks, vigorously applied.

"Give him a chance, sergeant," ordered the captain, and the "non-com" desisted.

Wolcott sprawled for a while on the floor, trembling violently. "Well, well, *Porque?* Speak, damn it!"

The Filipino lifted a face that was a mask of terror. "*Espera captain!*" he gasped. "Wolcott mucho cold feet—picture in church speak—me see—me hear—say *Americano* ladrones—mucho malo—tell Filipinos kill *Americanos*—meo—h, mucho cold feet." He clasped the sergeant's knees, whereupon the soldier promptly administered another kick.

"Were there many Filipinos there?" demanded the captain.

"Si," replied Wolcott. "Picture say kill *Americanos*—me see—me hear. Many Filipinos say: 'Si, *Americanos* malo—kill.' Padre say: 'Si—in the night when they sleep!'"

"Where is the picture, Wolcott?" inquired the officer.

"Top of altar," replied the Filipino. "Big picture—San Jose and Angeles. San Jose—he talk—he see—me hear."

The captain detached his sword and scabbard from his belt. He drew the army-revolver from the holster, and making sure that it was loaded, replaced it.

"Lock Wolcott in here, Jimmie," he ordered, sharply. "Tell the men to have their rifles and belts within reach of their arms. See that the sergeant of the guard has all his men where they belong. I don't think that there will be any trouble, but I want everything ready. Now, I'm going to the church. If you hear a shot, get the company there as quickly as the Lord will let you."

The captain strode through the door and hurried out into the street. He darted swiftly across into the shadow of the market-place. Skirting the silent *nipa* huts, he made his way through a little banana grove to the rear of the church.

He stole up to the sacristy door, and tried it. It was open and he was about to burst in, but he paused and, dropping on one knee, began to unlace his boot.

"It is best to play every game quietly, as Father Pat said," he muttered, grimly.

The sacristy was deserted. A confused heap of rich vestments was scattered on the table, and the one oil-lamp glittered on the heavy gold embroidery. No voice came through the half-opened door that led out to the altar, but the unintelligible murmur of a voice somewhere above the ceiling brought a triumphant light to the captain's eyes.

He noted with joy a flight of stairs that led upward, and in an instant he was creeping in the direction of the voice.

A door barred his way, but it was unlocked. Slowly and carefully the officer moved it backward. He could now hear the voice distinctly, saying, in Spanish: "The Americans are heretics and children of the devil. All those who are friendly to them will meet their fate, eternal damnation."

Captain Adams saw a Filipino with his face pressed closely to the opposite wall of the room. Tiptoeing across he grasped the speaker firmly by the throat, and thrusting his knee against the fellow's back brought him to the ground. The American realized that there was little time to be wasted. Holding the prisoner by the throat with one hand, he whirled his right fist down behind the man's ear, quieting him effectively.

The captain sprang to his feet and glanced through the crevice into the well-lighted church. Three or four hundred excited faces were gazing at that spot. Padre Patricio was standing close to the altar rail, and he also was gazing upward.

The captain laughed a short, reckless laugh. He was a Western man, one of the sort who feel the sense of humor strongest in the time of danger. Gathering in a deep breath he put his mouth to the aperture, and cried: "Vamos, Padre Patricio. The devil is coming." Then he added gleefully in English: "The house is pinched!"

There was a chorus of wild yells, and a thunder of bare feet on the floor below. The captain looked and saw the tangled mob of frightened Filipinos swarming madly through the doors. In the thickest of the confused mass, fighting his way like a maniac, was the stout and gorgeous figure of Padre Patricio.

The captain sank back to the floor, convulsed with laughter. In a few moments the church was silent and deserted.

"To think that history gives the Jesuit order credit for diabolical ingenuity!" chuckled the captain. "Well, the drinks are on Father Pat. And—" the idea seemed an inspiration—"by Jove, I'll make him buy them."



THE QUALITY OF FRIENDSHIP

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

ONCE my wife said to me: "Why do you associate with Jones? He is not your kind of man; he is ignorant, drunken, coarse, physical. Do you like him? And why?"

"And I like him," I answered. "Why? Because he likes me."

And for this reasoning there is no answer, even from a woman.

Honest woman! Put the same question to yourself. Have you ever lost tenderness for the impossible lover? Have you submerged in indifference any man whom, you know, loved you truly? He may have been ineligible, poor, homely, ignorant!

But, deep down in your heart of hearts you have—have you not?—an infinite tenderness for this man. He never achieved the eminence of a lover. But he was your friend. He loved you without recompense. He gave all and got nothing. You think you have wiped him out?

He was not the *one* man. You solace yourself with the reflection: "I did not love him."

But when you sit alone o' nights, can you deny that he loved you? And, if he did, has he not achieved the sublimity of life?

Once I had a fancy for a fibrous man who had been a felon. He had lived in the penitentiary and had paid the price of some crime against the law. He had not sinned against human equity. But he was a pariah, an outcast of society, a victim of some just,

impersonal law. He had done wrong. Who has not?

I found my "fancy" for this outcast justified by his loyalty to me. He began to love me for the justice of my fidelity to him as I found him.

He was an "impossible friend." Drunkard, illiterate, vulgarian, if you will! But he was generous, unquestioning, loving, the best that is to me and always the worst that can be to those who knew him not. To others he was a combative demon. To me a gentle, defensive friend. He fought policemen, and was good to children. He died in a saloon, very drunk, owing no man, wronging no woman. He was an outcast. He was not learned, nor well-clad, nor distinguished of birth or achievement, and yet I love that man and the memory of him!

I have seen him in the morning when the east was pale, setting our fish-lines in the river. And his face was haloed with the inspirations of the dawning world. I have seen him sit by twilight currents and heard him say things of the mystical winds and waters that were mighty in their ignorance of books and vain imaginings. I have known the dogs he knew and have been envious of the tolerance which all beasts had for him.

"This was 'Jones.'"

I have no other answer to my wife's "Why do you associate with him?"

Congenial pursuits, oneness of theory or of opinion, similarity of career or of ambition—these, after all, have little to do with the quality of true friendship among men. I have known pettifoggers with the safety of the nations in their prayers, and the lack of simple manhood in their practices. I have known men with notched pistol-buts in their holsters and prices upon their heads, whose confidences would be an honor to the mighty.

No man, lacking the capacity for friendship, no woman, lacking the power of ultimate love, is entitled to judge of his or her fellow man. Much of the best that we call performance, is pose, theory, illusion. In the measurement of friends or friendship, there is nothing equal to self-sacrifice, silence, sympathy. And yet these are cheap incidents in the argument of theorists.

I love my friend because he loves me! How simple, nay, how fatuous a system of reasoning, your philosopher will say!

And yet, what is better? What have you proved and tested that is better? For does not love involve constancy, honesty, generosity, patience, sympathy?

The meanest man in all history was the most intellectual. What does one care for brains without passion? Is it not meat without salt? What does one care for virtue without purpose? Men have sinned to save; have done crime to achieve a rescue; have been gibbeted for love! The arch felon of Judaism is the God of Christian love. He broke all the laws of His persecutors and paid the price. He wept over His own weakness, and in the garden cried aloud for terror of the sacrifice which He had incurred. Yet He is the ideal friend of Mankind. The weakness of this mighty soul is the best proof of his ultimate unselfishness. He was a law-breaker, visionary, impractical, even physically weak, but he triumphed over torture and death by the indestructible quality of his fealty to his friends.

Friendship is equal to all religion, for it includes all religion. Zealot, fanatic, devotee! What is religion to any or all of you? Is it not your friendship for your best friend? And why? Because it "stands for you;" because it condones your deeds and proffers forgiveness. He was a law-breaker, visionary, impractical, as in true friendship, we are always debtors. We get more than we give. They are much the same. Learn-

ing, insight, imagination, fancy, credulity—none of these are necessary either to friendship or religion. Gratitude is better than any intellectual or psychical quality in the efficiency of either.

You love God because He was and is a good God to you. You do not go much into His genealogy; you do not regard His clothes; His wealth or poverty; His physique or personal appearance. We love Christ rather because He was unselfish than because He was Divine. Because He was generous to the sinner, therefore the sinner of a later age hopes in Him. Because he was tolerant of the Peters and the Judases of an elder day, therefore the weaklings and the traitors of here and now lean upon his name and swap his doctrines.

If you have a friend who is Christlike to you alone, cherish him. If he forgives your frailties, forgets your failures, asks less than he gives, suffers for you and does not complain—he is, for you, a modern Christ. Jesus Himself was of humble parentage. He was not even a good carpenter. He never went to school. He fashioned nothing but theories; He made nothing out of hand; He had no powerful patrons; socially, He was an upstart and an adventurer.

And yet He is the best friend man ever had. Heroes died to sustain his word.

Let us have an end to the quality of friendship.

"Why do you like Jones; why do you love Jesus?"

"Because he loved us much!"



SAINT-PIERRE REVISITED

BY ANGELO HEILPRIN.

NOT quite a month after the first anniversary of the destruction of Saint-Pierre, I again set foot on Martinique soil. A torrid sun was beating down upon the prairie-like *savane* of Fort-de-France, and the tall and richly umbered royal palms that shadow the statue of Josephine had already long begun to show the passing of the rainy season. This is the hot side of the island, and if a temperature of 86 or 87 degrees carries with it no particular terrors, and is not uncommonly high for a region that lies only four hundred miles from the mouth of the Orinoco, it is still something that warns, and compels consideration where an unusually high degree of humidity pervades the atmosphere. There were not many people about, and the city of 12,000 inhabitants showed its usual appearance of monotonous decay. Fort-de-France is perhaps as intensely uninteresting as Saint-Pierre was the reverse, and even now, when it has entirely replaced its fairer sister as the center of population of the island, it does nothing to relieve itself of the air of weariness which is its chief characteristic. I found no change in the doings of its people since September. Newspaper politics were, as heretofore, running high, and the editorial columns of *L'Opinion* and *La Colonie* were waging the old "war of races." The volcano was still a part of the hourly food, and its workings were officially chronicled almost daily; but there seemed to be few who were more than passively interested in the extraordinary structure that it had developed—the gigantic obelisk of rock which transfixes the crater-cone, and, like a veritable Tower of Babel, towers over the summit of the mountain to a height of 800 feet and more. And, incredible though it may appear, there are still hundreds and thousands of the inhabitants who to this day have not visited Saint-Pierre.

The silent city remains much as it was at the time of my last visit, nine months before. A little more ash has accumulated here and there, and some of it has been taken off elsewhere; but the ruins are the

same battered, crumbling walls, unchanged save that they have gained in color through the washing off of the ash-mud that plastered and cloaked their vertical sides. In a few places excavations were being made to recover "treasure" or to locate sites, but the prowlers among the dead were few, and what was recovered was in most cases insignificant. I turned over some rubble-masses beneath which "caked" and burned papers were projecting, and found that I was dealing with a lesson in geology, and, strangely enough, with one that taught of volcanoes and volcanic phenomena. Several papers of manuscript, possibly escaped from the Lycée or the Communal College, covered with teachings of Vesuvius, Cotopaxi, and Etna (and of Pelée?). It may be that those papers were dictated by the impending storm of Pelée, but who can tell? The fragment of one of the few books recovered from Saint-Pierre—whose precious brown pages I owe to a friend—deals likewise with volcanic phenomena. It is the *L'Enfant de Vésuve*, supplemented with a very full account of the destruction of Pompeii, and with a carefully rendered translation of both of Pliny's letters.

One significant change has come over Saint-Pierre. It is no longer an absolute desert, for little colonies of ants and other insects are inhabiting the ruins, and the land-snail has come to live with them. Green creepers and many plants with bright flowers here and there hang about the battered masonry, and from some of the old gardens rise up stocks of the *chou caraibien* and the banana. And even the few trees that have been left standing on the surrounding heights, and thought to be dead, have sprouted out new leaves, and give a new sunshine to the landscape. Well up on the volcanic slope, beyond the Roxelane, and quite to the Rivière des Pères, these signs of returning vegetation are apparent, and on one side of the Roxelane itself everything is green. But, after all, it is more the immediate foreground that gives these signs of resuscitation, for, farther beyond, and below the hanging volcanic cloud, the grays are as gray as ever, and the valley of the Rivière Blanche, choked with the immense amount of débris that has been thrown into it, is white like snow with the new ash that is periodically being swept over its course.

At Morne Rouge, which fell in the storm of August 30, not a house remained inhabited. The beautiful church under whose partially lifted roof good Père Mary had sought refuge for nearly his last hours, still stands with its foot in the ash. My attendant climbed into the belfry and tolled the bells that hung uninjured from the posts. It was the voice in the wilderness, for there were none to listen to it but ourselves. Perhaps far away on the hillsides, where specks of cottages appeared in the surrounding green, some may have recognized the beautiful resonant tones.

The exquisite woodland that, previous to August 30, bordered most of the road between here and Ajoupa-Bouillon, stood out now as ragged tree-trunks, spectres in the destroyed landscape, with naked arms and upturned roots, begging, as it were, from the new sunlight that surrounded them. Here and there the eye fell upon the returning fronds of the tree-fern and clumps of bamboo, on the melastome and broad-leaved heliconia; but they were merely visions of what had been before.

On June 13, in company with one of the officers of the French Scientific Commission, I made my fourth ascent of Pelée. The passing night promised everything. A few high clouds hovered about the blue and receding mornes that stretched off toward Carbet, but over the volcano itself there was nothing, and the great obelisk, its base fiery red with the molten lava

that was being poured into it, stood out in bold relief against the green-blue western sky. We left our quarters early, so as to gain upon the clouds that viciously gather about the summit; but the clouds had preceded us, and already at the breakfast hour, by which time we had reached the former summit, everything was wrapt in cloud and mist, and little was visible beyond ourselves. We succeeded in steering a course across what had before been the basin of the Lac des Palmistes, and in a few minutes stood upon the edge of the great crater. Everything was gray within—not silent, however, for avalanches of rock were being precipitated and tumbled about in ruthless manner, and an occasional ominous roar told that the spirit of the mountain had not entirely departed. For the better part of six hours we vainly strove to penetrate the sea of cloud and fog that hung ahead of us. Each coming gust seemed to give us the chance for which we were waiting, but the rising crater-vapors kept the basin full, and even under a clear sky they allowed only "memories of a landscape" to escape. Although in no way unbearably hot, I found the crater rim uncomfortably warm and humid; it seemed to me more so than on my earlier visits. The actual temperature was only 85 degrees, however.

Shortly before two o'clock, the opportunity for which we had so impatiently waited seemed finally to have arrived. Clouds and vapors died down to one side, and the great tower, its crown hanging at a dizzy height above, began to unfold. Piece by piece was added to it—purple, brown, and gray—until at last it stood abreast of us virtually uncovered from base to summit. The spectacle was one of overwhelming grandeur, and one can hardly conceive of its terrorizing aspect. Nature's monument dedicated to the 30,000 dead who lay in the silent city below, it rises up a huge monolith, 830 feet above the newly constructed summit of the volcano, and 5,020 feet above the Caribbean surface. Nothing of this kind had ever been known to science before, and I felt—although not the first in the field to observe it—that my footsteps had been guided to an unknown world. None of the grandest scenes of nature which I had before seen—the Matterhorn, the Domes of the Yosemite, the colossus of Popocatepetl, rising above the shoulders of Ixtaccihuatl, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado—seemed to impress me as this one did; and I am certain, at this distance from the field of observation, that none was more sublime. More restful scenes there certainly are.

In its geological conception, the "Tower of Pelée" means the extrusion vertically of a mass of solid lava, which, in its nonfluent condition, has been forced out in this way by the volcanic stress reacting upon its base. The entire tower, 300-350 feet thick where its base is implanted, and with a height twice that of the Washington Monument in Washington, is still being pushed up bodily, and at a rate that is all but incredible. During four days of my residence at Vivé the rise, as determined by the French Scientific Commission, was twenty-one feet; and the rate of ascent was far greater still in the preceding month. On the side where the great obelisk has pressed hardest on the encasing rock, the surface is smoothed, almost polished, and shows parallel lines of grooving. The other sides are slaggy, and bear evidence, especially on the side directed to Saint-Pierre, of recurrent periods or episodes of eruption. These have not yet ceased.

The great volcano of Martinique is now "plugged" or "corked." How long it will remain in this condition, or how soon it may pass through another paroxysm, the future alone can determine. For the present the mountain presents alike to the tourist and the scientist an object of supreme interest.

AND THERE WAS

"I HOPE you'll listen, please," he sighed; "There's something on my mind."
I—"Pray excuse," the maiden cried, "You're necktie's up behind."

"Oh, thanks," said he. "Well, now, as I Was just about to say—"

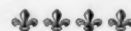
"That pin of yours," she made reply, "Will surely get away."

"Why, so it will," he smiled. "Let's see. Oh, yes. I've thought it best To—" "Look!" the maiden cried in glee, "There's something on your vest."

"Then let it stay," he fiercely cried, "The moon and stars may fall, But I must speak"—this time he sighed—"I love you, that is all."

"If you should dare to tell me no, My life would be a wreck—" "Excuse me, dear," she whispered low, "There's something round your neck."

Tid-Bits.



THE FLIGHT OF GULLETT

BY ED. WATERWORTH.

AS he reached a row of billboards shrouding a vacant lot, Gullett paused in his flight, and gazed fearfully about him. In his mad rush from the slums of the South Side he had lost all idea of his whereabouts, and he was glad of even a momentary haven in the shadow.

Panting and exhausted, yet with every sense strained, he leaned trembling against the boards. Every clang of a trolley car's gong, every footstep passing along the sidewalk a few yards away, caused him a start of apprehension. Terrified as he was, the dusk of evening seemed full of pursuers, and he glared into the darkness, clutching his knife convulsively.

Every few seconds his mind unconsciously repeated the details of the tragedy, accomplished but a few moments before. He could still hear Regan's words, jeering in drunken brawl. He could recall his own profane retorts, and he could see the fire in Regan's eyes as he sprang to his feet.

He could see a chair flash above his head. He could feel the sensation of yielding yet resisting flesh as his knife met Regan's body, and the sudden weight on the weapon as the man sank to the floor. He could hear the clatter of the falling chair, and could again see the small trickle of crimson appearing from under the body.

Then came a confused recollection of a break for the door, through detaining yet timorous hands; of the glimpse of a policeman's star; of a command to stop and of the whine of a bullet that followed him as he disregarded the order. Then a headlong flight through alleys and yards, over fences and sheds, across the railroad yards, where the tangle of freight cars enabled him to shake off his pursuers and a sudden dash into the shaded lot where he stood.

Repeating the details mentally with a sort of gruesome relish, he glanced apprehensively about, trying to discover his whereabouts. Overhead loomed a tower with an illuminated clock, which he seemed to recognize.

"That's the Union Station, I reckon," he muttered, "but it don't show me where I'm at."

Still breathing hard from his exertions, he walked cautiously down the row of boards. In a few steps he came to the blank wall of a house, fronting the street beside him. Should he continue his way

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through the alley, he reflected, or should he cross the street?

Stooping, he peered beneath the boards. Dimly visible in the dusk, he could see a huge, grey building across the way, its front faintly illumined by a shaded light within, its rear in darkness. Extending from its rear was a low wing with a flat roof, connected with the main building by a brick wall, in which was an iron gate.

Gullett eyed the wall carefully. It seemed that if he could gain the top of the wall, thence crawl to the roof of the wing, he could lie in safety on the summit, disregarding any pursuit until late in the night. Then he fancied he might creep back to the river front, and possibly secure a hiding place on some boat bound away from the city.

Nerve-shaken as he was, he decided that this would be the safer course. But just as he stooped under the boards, choosing a favorable moment when the street seemed deserted, he could hear the sudden clatter of hoofs and the clanging of a gong. Trembling and sweating, he drew back again.

Fearful that the sound portended the approach of a patrol wagon, yet knowing that he would not be pursued in that fashion, he peered through a crack. Nearer the sound came, then it passed. The vehicle was covered, and he drew a sigh of relief.

As the way seemed clear, he decided to cross. Checking himself, with an effort, from darting across quickly as instinct impelled, he walked quietly over the street, glancing nervously up and down, and reached the gate. Placing his foot in its bars, he drew himself up quickly to the top of the wall. Running along this, he reached the wing without attracting attention, and threw himself upon its roof.

Here he felt in comparative safety. Yet for nearly an hour he lay twisting impatiently, staring at the silent building above him. Signs of life in the edifice troubled him at intervals, and once he held his breath upon hearing men pass quietly in the yard below. Beyond the occasional clatter of traffic in the street, and the noise of the station a block away, he could hear few sounds.

Soon, however, footsteps passed more and more often in the yard. Listening carefully, he could hear a

sound of shuffling, as of men bearing a heavy burden, the noise of an opening door and movement in the structure below him. Then the footsteps moved away, and the last of the party seemed to lock the door behind him and depart.

It had been Gullett's intention to wait until late before leaving his refuge, but a new element presented itself. Over the roofs, the moon commenced to rise. Little by little, the shadow withdrew from the spot where he lay, as the orb mounted higher.

If any person glanced from a window, he reflected, he would be seen. He had almost decided to roll down into the street, disregarding the passers by, when he caught a glimpse of a small wooden cupola a few feet away on the roof. The sides were slatted, as if for ventilation, and he reflected that if he could slip inside, he would be safe from observation. He would also be assured of safety from pursuit.

Worming his way over the gravel roofing, he reached the cupola. Carefully he tugged at one of the slats. Worn and rotten, the wood gave readily in his hands, and he found himself peering down into the pitch darkness of a silent room beneath.

Unconsciously he shivered in the breath of the chill, dank, clammy atmosphere within.

"It's like a vault," he muttered. "But I've got to get out o' this."

Glancing at the circle of moonlight, he drew himself within, feeling with his foot for some projection on which to step.

He found such a projection and stepped inside. But, as he put his weight upon the ledge, something gave way, and he fell heavily, grasping at the walls, to the floor of the room below.

The shock was temporarily stunning; then he lay gasping. Then, desperately scrambling to his feet, he glared about him. On all sides was impenetrable blackness, and only a star-pale glimmering of light above indicated the opening of the cupola.

Behind him, as he extended his hand, he could feel an iron door. One swift, testing, exploring touch over all its heavy framework, convinced him there was no escape there. The perspiration broke out upon him as he realized he was trapped, and he shivered with the hopelessness of his position.

For several minutes he lay trembling upon the ground whither he sank appreciating his situation. Induced by the darkness and the chill, a superstitious terror crept over him. He could recall again the scenes of the cutting, and, this time, the last glimpse he retained of the stabbed man's eyes filled him with a horror which steadily grew.

Overhead, the pale shimmer of light grew clearer and brighter, and soon a ray of light moved slowly down the wall of the room. As his terror increased with the nervous strain of his position, he followed the light with a fascinated stare. Slowly it crept down over a whitewashed wall, past an empty row of shelves and then over something shrouded and motionless, a sight of which struck him with a deeper chill.

Shaking in every limb, he slowly straightened up, watching the light on the form grow clearer and clearer, and pass to other forms, stiff and motionless. Then, as the light passed, slowly, still lower, he leaped to his feet with a mad succession of shrieks. For he recognized the face of Regan, whom he had stabbed two hours before.

And the City Hospital detail, rushing to the dead-house to discover the cause of the shrieks, found only a raving maniac bent over the body of the man he had slain.



THE MISTRESS

BY ALICE HERBERT.

O H, who shall say forbidden love is sweet!
To have in all your life no lot, no part;
To know if you lay dead, the tale would greet
My ears from careless lips: Would strike my heart,
And no voice plead, "Have pity! for her life
Is ended with a life she loved to-day."
To hear you give that tender name of Wife
And not to me. To wear the hours away
In fevered dreaming: or to muse apart
On her, that sheltered, happier one than I,
Who fills the holy places of your heart ; ; ;
And yet—O love forbidden!—Till I die,
The Echo on my threshold of your feet
Will cry to me "Forbidden love is sweet!"

From "Between the Lights."

THE SOCIAL STRUGGLE

The marriage of Mrs. Anna Agnew Davis, widow of Senator Cushman K. Davis, of Minnesota, to Hunter Doll, of Knoxville, Tenn., recalls the bitter struggle which Mrs. Davis made for social recognition in Washington, D. C.—a conflict in which, Presidents, Embassadors, Senators, and all grades of officials and their wives became involved. In St. Paul, in 1898, when she was a plain seamstress, Anna Agnew was engaged in the Davis household. She had been the child-wife of a printer named Evans, but had secured a divorce. Miss Agnew was a very beautiful woman, who had to work for a living, and was not too proud to do it. About this time, unpleasant bickerings occurred in the Davis house. Governor and Mrs. Davis could not agree. Then came a separation and a divorce. Mrs. Davis went to Kansas to live. She had been gone only a year when Miss Agnew became Mrs. Davis No. 2. This made a great sensation in St. Paul society, and as Mrs. Merriam, the leader in the social world in the Northwest, sympathized with the first Mrs. Davis, and blamed Miss Agnew for the estrangement, she was promptly cut by the smart set. Even after Mr. Davis had become Senator, St. Paul society refused to unbend, and when the Senator brought his beautiful wife to Washington, society at the National Capital wore for her its most frigid air. Senator Davis was genuinely fond of his wife and abhorred society. He almost never went anywhere. Even dinners he could not brook. He gave his wife a beautiful house, gowns for her regal figure, money for entertaining, but he would not go out with her. He loved to sit home in his library night after night smoking cigars by the dozen, while his handsome wife was courageously fighting her battle for social recognition.

According to Walter Wellman, one of the most drastic incidents of Mrs. Davis' long struggle occurred during the Harrison administration. Mr. Davis had only a short time before taken his seat in the Senate. The wives of other Senators, trampling underfoot the rules of social intercourse which have obtained since our republican court was founded, refused to make the first call upon the wife of the new Senator from Minnesota. Mrs. Davis had her Thursday afternoon receptions, as did the wives of other Senators, and her small circle of devoted friends attended. But the senatorial circle was conspicuous by its persistent absence. At length Mrs. Davis decided to make one bold step for recognition. Mr. and Mrs. Wanamaker were giving a reception. All Washington society was there, and Mrs. Davis came in her magnificent carriage, alone. When she was announced upon her entry to the principal drawing-room the assembled fashionables looked at one another, and shrugged their shoulders. Instinctively, the women drew their escorts to the farther borders of the apartment, and stood facing the door. When Mrs. Davis—tall, beautifully attired, diamonds in her hair, her statuesque figure appearing to fine advantage, and a smile of hope and confidence upon her face—advanced a few steps into the room, she was met

by an icy stare from a hundred men and women, ranged in long lines about her. She took another step or two, and still no one advanced to greet her, Mr. and Mrs. Wanamaker chancing at that moment to be in the other drawing-room. There was no welcome save the freezing stare of the throng, over which a silence had spread as they gazed upon the woman in the center of the room as if she were a wild animal from the jungle. In a few moments the smile left Mrs. Davis' face. As she fully comprehended the crushing nature of the snub which Washington society was administering to her, a deathly pallor overspread her countenance. She looked as if she were about to faint. At this juncture, First-Assistant Postmaster-General Clarkson and his wife happened to enter the drawing-room. They understood the situation in a moment. Advancing to the center of the room they greeted Mrs. Davis warmly. Mr. Clarkson gave her his arm, and led her to the other drawing-room, and presented her to the host and hostess. They introduced her to many friends, and if defeat was not instantly converted into triumph, the bitterness of the first few moments was at least assuaged by a fair share of civil attention upon the part of many gentlemen and a few ladies.

After this, Mrs. Davis persisted in her efforts to secure recognition. She bore herself with grace and tact, and little by little society unbent. Her husband's rapid rise in the Senate, and the esteem of the public generally, helped her very much. His place was so high that people could not go on forever ignoring her. When Mr. Davis became chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, her success was assured. She was received everywhere, and the wives of other Senators called on her. It cannot be said that she was ever cordially welcomed, or that she became an active and integral part of the social circle. But all that form demanded was accorded her. Her greatest triumph came when Mr. Davis was appointed a member of the Paris Peace Commission by President McKinley. The wives of other members of the commission hesitated whether or not they should accompany their husbands to Paris on this mission. They did not want to be compelled to associate so intimately with Mrs. Davis. But the desire to visit the French capital under such favorable auspices overcame their reluctance in every instance. All went, and Mrs. Davis set out to win their approval, if not their affection. She had a royal time in Paris, was voted one of the most strikingly beautiful women America had ever sent to the other side, and even her women companions from the United States had little fault to find with her on their return. Just as Mrs. Davis had virtually won her battle, Mr. Davis fell ill and died. With her famous husband gone, of course Mrs. Davis no longer had high social rank. Her few friends rallied round her, and she never lacked for company. But high society again held aloof. Now she makes a new bid for happiness by marrying a man fifteen years her junior—a fine-looking, athletic young man, who served through the Spanish war as a volunteer in Cuba, who has a fair social position in Knoxville, and apparently plenty of money.

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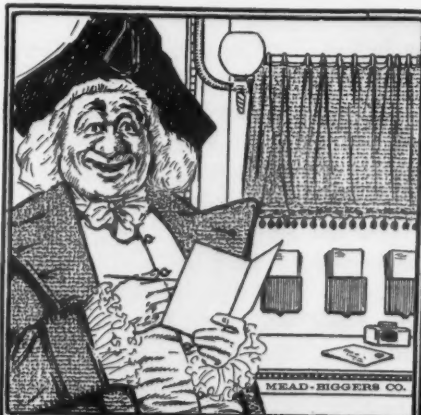
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Is there ever a place so pleasant and so sweet?"

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BELLES OF THE RACES

Here's to all the truly good who saw the yacht races—the woman in white who held the boat, the girl in blue who flirted with all the fleet, and the fair young creature who stopped an ocean liner bound to Southern skies that she might see the *Reliance* cross the line!

Nearly everybody went early to the piers, scrambling for tickets, forgetting pickles and lemons and other panaceas for seasickness in their mad flight, and thinking only of the contest of spinnakers and baby jibs. Everybody was early but the woman in white, who, under reefed mainsail and irreproachable headsails, bore down in the direction of the Savannah line, dodging trucks in West street and signaling frantically for a freight train to break in twain. Her approach had been duly signaled to the superintendent on the dock, who told the captain of the *City of Savannah*.

"Hold the boat," ran the message; "a woman in white has missed her escort. Wait for her."

"Don't throw off the lines," roared the captain through a megaphone, "until you see a woman in white."

"Woman in white," yelled the quarter-master.

"Lady in white dress coming," droned the sailors.

She appeared at the gangplank at last. Her features were of the type that one sees at Vassar, and she was undeniably pretty. "The woman in white," cried that ship's company in joyous unison. She turned as if seeking a means of escape, and her face was a fiery red and her lips compressed as she walked on deck.

"To Wilkie Collins and the woman in white," said an ancient passenger solemnly, as he led the way to where champagne flows. "To the women; God bless them."

Then there was another woman, and she stood on the deck of the steamer *Caracas* and caused the outward bound voyage of that craft to have a red letter day on its log. The rest of this story will come some day from down Maracaibo way, when the Red D liner arrives.

Several officers of the steamer were talking to her, and one man, arrayed in blue clothes, bound up with gold braid, was shrugging his shoulders. Then he showed symptoms of resignation. The *Caracas* whipped around in a flirty kind of way, got as near to the committee boat as the revenue cutters would permit, and there she stayed until the *Reliance* went sweeping across the line. Then, and not till then, she put forth to sea.

Of all the voyagers who went to sea, the most captivating was she who sat far up on the hurricane deck of the *Plymouth*. She was gowned in blue, and her patent leather oxford ties, which were swinging over the edge of the steps at that lofty altitude, were crossed. The breeze caught the dark hair which framed her oval face and sent the daintiest of straw hats a bit askew.

If she knew that all the fleet was looking at her, she gave no sign, and also if she were aware that 300 men on as many craft were pledging her health in every brand of champagne that is to be had afloat, she betrayed not the slightest perturbation.

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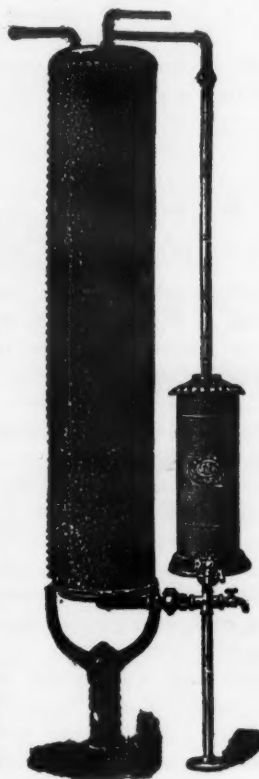
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There were other girls, too, hundreds of them, just as young and just as fair, on every steamer which lined up along the course. Some of them went to the excursion fleet in companies of eight under convoy of a chaperon, and provided with all the magazines, yacht racing programmes and books on "How to Learn to Navigate a Ship in Twelve Hours Without a Master."—*New York Letter.*



A WALKING "ZOO" IS SHE.

The up-to-date girl is a peripatetic "zoo." She wears animals and insects of all kinds in her jewelry and trinkets. Nothing is more beautiful in jewelry than the jeweled butterflies now made. The brilliant coloring of the insects is reproduced in many different colored stones, and the bodies, less true to life, but more effective, are made of opals or diamonds or other single stones of large size. Grasshoppers, beetles and wasps are also made into brooches, barrette pins for the hair or mounted for stickpins. They are made of plain silver or gold, with possibly jeweled eyes, or set solidly with jewels.

A girl who is interested in insects wears them not only in this form, but introduces them into her clothes. Butterflies are embroidered on underwear or inset in lace in the fronts of pretty bodices, and are even set in lace into pretty hosiery for the girl who can afford them. It does not cost as much to have them embroidered on handkerchiefs, and wasps and dragon flies are used in that way.

Snakes have been worn for a long time, and grow more and more realistic. In supple folds for waist girdles or bracelets they are given the effect of scales, which made them lifelike. At one time they were seldom seen except in rings and jewelry, but now, in dull silver or gun metal, they coil realistically in the center of a purse, as if ready to spring, outline a cardcase or form the supple handle for a wrist bag. They are used in innumerable ways. Lizards, while not as much worn, are also used for ornaments.

The up-to-date girl once showed her fondness for the feathered part of creation by wearing birds in her hat. Now she belongs to the Audubon Society and knows better. She gratified her taste by wearing jeweled swallows, pretty enameled wild goose stickpins, a tiny chicken dangling from a finger ring, or a chanticleer pendant from her bracelet.

Large animals are not omitted in the girl's zoological collection. Elephants' heads are beautiful in gray silver on belts or stickpins, and they vie with snakes and lithe tigers in ornamenting the edges of expensive purses and card cases. France sends us many things of this kind.

A bat with spread wings of dark pearl is realistic with his diamond eyes, and is effective at the front of a high dog collar for the neck. There are brooches showing hunting scenes, with horses and riders with pink coats set in gold in the form of a whip, dogs' heads and horses' heads in natural colors under glass, and in gold, silver or set with diamonds.

Domestic animals are growing in pop-

ularity, and the cat is frequently seen. Black cats are liked as mascots, and have entered the lists with the four-leaved clovers and little pink pigs as luck bringers. Pussy is also seen in black and white in a brooch or curled up on a fan, and she sits in full figure or stands with arched back upon parasol handles.

French poodles are popular for this same use, and there are heads of other dogs, elephants' heads and birds, some parrots being as large as life.

There are lions, tigers, bears, donkeys, pigs, horses with carts and without, monkeys, and innumerable other animals in tiny trinkets for bracelets, chains and rings. An old fashion has been renewed in the "two buttin' kids," a band bracelet with rams' heads on the two ends.

It is only a very few years ago that it was considered bad taste for women in society to wear jewelry in the daytime.

Now it is fashionable in London to wear not only diamonds and pearls with afternoon costumes, but also a variety of other gems. The craze for barbaric jewelry was, perhaps, accountable for this departure in the first instance.

At any rate, at any society function nowadays, a full-dress costume is not complete without a diamond chain or pearl collar, white brooches, pendants and trinkets of turquoise, sapphires, rubies, or emeralds in conjunction with the dainty jeweled watch and popular paste or turquoise buttons are always to be seen. Even for morning wear the simple shirt has diamond or pearl links and studs.

Jeweled hatpins are popular wedding gifts. Jeweled waistbelts and hanging purses are also much in vogue, while the long picture earrings (which have been in fashion barely one season) are often seen in the daytime as well as at evening parties.

Turquoises of every conceivable size and irregularity, and pearls of all shapes have been the fashion for some time past.

A new stone for day wear is the New Zealand stone, which, as an adjunct to the barbaric pearl so much in favor, is charming wear.

Apart from its lovely coloring—a delicate, transparent shade of green—it is supposed to be a "lucky" stone as well, and this to the superstitious-minded is a welcome change from the also "lucky," but rather overdone, turquoise.

Another new stone is of the loveliest rose-pink tint, transparent, yet with the cloudy softness of the opal. This stone, which forms a becoming finish to an afternoon costume, is worn as necklace, pendant, brooch or earrings, and is as yet but little known to the fashionable world.—*Kansas City Star.*



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DEBUTANTES IN SOCIETY

The coming season in St. Louis will be remarkable, not so much for the number of its debutantes, as for their individual beauty, thorough culture and blue blood lineage. Prominent in the ranks of these debutantes are daughters of mothers, who were known throughout the country as beauties and belles. There are Vassar and other college graduates among them, and granddaughters of Governors and other notable men, who made early history for the State of Missouri.

As yet not so many have signified their intention of "coming out," but others may be heard from later. The World's Fair season, preliminary and current, is too alluring to forego the distinction of making a debut before the eyes of "all the world."

Some there are always who glide into the social swim without flourish of trumpets. Others, who were expected to be "brought out" by their families, have chosen another school year, even after college graduation.

One of the most attractive debutantes is Miss Ethel Edgar, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William B. Edgar, of Washington boulevard. She will barely peep into the social doings of the smart set before her marriage to Gerard Allen, son of Mr. George Allen, and grandson of the late Gerard B. Allen. Miss Edgar's mother, from whom she inherits her charming beauty, who was Miss Elizabeth Hopkins.

A formal introduction to society will be given to Miss Mary Adele Overall, the stately brunette daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Overall. Miss Overall is a granddaughter to the late Governor James S. Rollins, of Missouri, and inherits her proudly erect figure from her mother, who was a Miss Rollins.

Typically like Miss Overall, is Jane Skinker, another of the season's debutantes. She is the youngest daughter of Thomas K. Skinker, who, in turn, was the son of Thomas Skinker, the original owner of that part of Forest Park which is now the World's Fair Grounds. Thomas Skinker was a scion of one of the proudest of Virginia families. His home on the Clayton road, which was destroyed by fire last year, was one of those typical early homesteads that became landmarks in St. Louis and its vicinity. Miss Skinker's mother, Adela B. Rives, is of Virginia's bluest blood. Her aunt, Mary Skinker, is Mrs. Chouteau Maffitt.

So far as social prestige goes, there is no more eligible debutante than Miss Ethel Ray Gamble, daughter of Dr. D. C. Gamble, and granddaughter of Hamilton Gamble, provisional Governor of Missouri after Governor Claiborne Jackson attempted to "take the State out of the Union."

One of the prettiest debutantes is May Filley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Filley, of Westmoreland place, and granddaughter of the late Oliver D. Filley. This charming young woman is a cousin of Mrs. Edward H. Simmons, who was the handsome Mabel Filley.

The daughter of a great beauty, and

once popular belle, Virginia Claiborne Adams, will be ushered into society this coming season quite informally, but none the less effectively. Her father is Robert McCormick Adams, formerly of Chicago, who came to St. Louis for a wife, and married that *distingue* beauty, Jennie Claiborne.

Elizabeth Hull, another of the season's debutantes, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. Hull, of West Morgan street. To his intimates, her father was familiarly known as "Brodie" Hull. Her mother was Lizzie Chambers, daughter of Col. A. B. Chambers, one of the first owners of the old St. Louis *Republican*. The home of the Hulls, in the most picturesque section of Pike County, was famed for its generous hospitality in the days when the family lived there.

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Niedringhaus, of Lindell boulevard, will present to society their daughter, Lucille, a young girl of fairy-like, blonde beauty.

Miss Jeannette Morton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Morton, will be formally introduced. She, too, is a granddaughter of the late Oliver D. Filley, while her father is now a member of the City Council.

Minie Busch, the youngest of Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus Busch's daughters, made but small pretense as a debutante last season, reserving her real "coming out" for the World's Fair period.

Miss Mary Bofinger Shewell, a favorite niece of Capt. John N. Bofinger, with whom she has made her home for several years in his Vandeventer place residence, will come out under the chaperonage of Mrs. Miriam C. Stuyvesant, another of Capt. Bofinger's near relatives, who share his home with him.

Another Vandeventer Place debutante is Miss Helen Sylvester Block, who is a granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Sylvester, and a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Block. The Blocks belong to one of the first families of Missouri, and still own a superb country home at Carrswold, Mo.

Miss Judith Hoblitzelle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Hoblitzelle, an exceedingly attractive, fascinating girl, who has been away at school in Philadelphia for several seasons, will be introduced to exclusive circles during the Christmas holidays. Her mother, Ida Knapp, was a daughter of the late George Knapp.

Miss Violet Kauffman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Kauffman, of Lindell boulevard, is a Vassar graduate of high honors, who will be presented early in the season.

Miss Violet Pierce, daughter of H. Clay Pierce, will be chaperoned on her way into the smart set by her sister, Mrs. Eben Richards, who was the pretty Perle Pierce.

Miss Eugenia Howard, who made her first appearance in society as Maid of Honor at the Steedman-Howard wedding late last spring, will be informally introduced by her *distingue* mother, Mrs. Kate Howard, who is a veritable grande dame in her set. Mrs. Howard is the widow of Thomas Howard, and the wealthiest woman in St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Cox will in-

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FRANK WELTNER, Director, 3544 Page Boulevard.

roduce their daughter, Virginia Roberts Cox, who is a dashing and vivacious girl, to whom many a *bon mot* is attributed.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark Sampson will bring out their twin daughters, Hazel Cook and Maybell Clark in a quiet and informal way.

Quite a number of the coming-out parties and balls will take place at the fashionable St. Louis Club, which now has a chef—quite the most necessary adjunct to clubdom—who is the best in the country.

Some charming girls, late graduates of Mary Institute, have foresworn the blandishments of society for another year, and are preparing to go to Eastern colleges.

Ann Augustine has chosen Wellesley for her alma mater, and will go there soon. Her sister, Louise, graduated from that institution. Helen Colburn Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Brown, Lenita Collins, sister of the dashing "Billy" Collins, Julia Wilson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Wilson, and Eloise McLeod, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson W. McLeod, will form a coterie of St. Louis students at Ogontz. Mary Murison Kern, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kern, has elected to go to fashionable Smith College.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Foster, with family and maid, will return this week after a sojourn of three months at Waukesha, Wis.

Miss J. I. Lea's scalp treatment, massage, shampooing; perfect and sanitary care of the head and hair. Manicuring. Room 304, Century Building.

Mrs. Louis Schlossstein, Mrs. Caroline Seitz and Miss Seitz, are at Hotel Pfister, Milwaukee, after a stay of two months at the Northern resorts. They will go East, returning in October.

After the theater, before the matinee or when down town shopping, the

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Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Lederer announce the engagement of their daughter, Jeanette, to Dr. Joseph H. Stolper. The young people will be at home afternoon and evening, October 4th

The engagement of Miss Ethel Edgar, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William B. Edgar, and Gerard Allen, son of Mr. George Allen, will soon be announced, to be followed by their wedding, which will be one of the fashionable nuptial events of early fall.

The surprise of the week was the quiet marriage at Kankakee, Ill., of Mr. Selwyn C. Edgar and Mrs. Katherine Shotwell Roach, at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Samuel M. Piper, Rev. Dean Phillips officiating. Only

the nearest relatives of groom and bride were present at the ceremony, soon after which Mr. and Mrs. Edgar left for a honeymoon at the Eastern seaside resorts.

Quite brilliant was the reception given by the St. Louis Club members last Friday night to the resident Commissioners General and other diplomatic representatives of foreign countries. The beautiful lawn back of the clubhouse was tastefully decorated and illuminated, and a delicious repast at midnight was served under the trees. The distinguished guests of the Club were Serge W. Alexander, Commisisoner General from Russia; Baron Serge Korff, Secretary Commissioner of the Russian Commission; Wong Kah Kai, Vice-Commissioner General from China, and Mrs. Wong Kah Kai; Secretary Chang; Japanese Commissioner Hanihara, of the Japanese Legation at Washington; W. A. Hutchinson, Commisisoner General from Canada, and Lucien Serrailier, resident representative of the British Royal Commission.

European strollers are coming home in droves, and Tuesday, September 1st, found many St. Louisans nearing Sandy Hook and the New York docks.

Mrs. Harry B. Hawes left Charlottesville, Virginia, where she had been summering with her mother and children, for New York Sunday, to meet Mr. Hawes on his arrival, September 1st. She is stopping at the Holland with Mrs. Rudolph Limberg, who went to New York a week ago to meet her father, mother and sisters, Mr. and Mrs. Caspar Koehler, and their daughters, who are returning from a three months' jaunt in Germany.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Moll and children are in New York, just home from the other side, where they spent most of their time at Paris and in the Swiss mountains.

Mrs. Charles E. Ware and her daughter, Miss Debby, will remain abroad longer than they intended on account of Mrs. Ware's health.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ehlermann are now on the ocean, and will reach New York the last of this week, returning immediately to St. Louis from the steamer's dock.

Mr. and Mrs. Bissell Ware and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Dickson, will return from Jamestown, R. I., where they have occupied the Francis cottage all summer, by September 15. The Wares will be located at Pechman's for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Stickney returned from Rye Beach, N. Y., a week ago. The younger Stickneys, Miss Mildred and Messrs. Taylor, Arthur and Stewart, will all go to Harbor Point for a week's outing before the summer is over.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Cuendet and Doctor and Mrs. Harvey Mudd, are at Rye Beach, and will remain there during the entire month of September.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil D. Gregg, who have been at the Northern Lake resorts for a month, returned to the city last week.

St. Louisans returning from abroad brings news of the Samuel C. Cupples party, now traveling in Switzerland. Mr.

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Sunday, September 13—KING DODO.

Cupples, who left early in the spring with his two daughters, and their children, for the other side, is much improved in health. He expects to prolong his stay till the early months of the World's Fair year, when the entire party will return.

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THEATRICALS

"When Johnny Comes Marching Home," presented by Manager Patrick Short at the opening of the Olympic's season last Sunday night, is one of the best comic operas of the day. The music is by Julian Edwards, composer of "Dolly Varden" and "The Magic Kiss," and the book by his collaborator, Stanislaus Stange. The charm of the opening act is so great, that the less conspicuous second and third acts cannot detract from its staying qualities. That first act is genuine comic opera, as it was known in the days of Arthur Sullivan's prime. A wonderfully melodious duet, "When Our Lips in Kisses Met," sung by Lucille Saunders, and the veteran, William T. Carleton, will long haunt one's memory. Miss Saunders is one of the leading comic opera contraltos, although she is seldom featured, except on the by-ways of the stage, and age has not taken the silvery ring out of Mr. Carleton's barytone. Throughout the entire opera the composer's score meets the highest demands of excellence, climaxing in "My Honeysuckle Queen," the refrain of which was quickly caught by the gallery gods.

The hoop skirt which, in its enormity, was contemporaneous with the closing days of the Civil War, was the conspicuous sartorial feature of the bevy of pretty girls that sang in the concerted numbers. Those hoops, with their bewildering volants, surmounted by dainty waist lines and pink and white faces, framed in old-fashioned coiffures, keep even pace in attractiveness with the delightful music score. Whether "Johnny Comes Marching Home" to permanent fame in the comic opera realm is a question not to be answered here, but he is a charming stage product now, and entitled to warm support, a goodly slice of which he is receiving at the Olympic this week. Next week Mr. Herbert Kelcey and Miss Effie Shannon will present a farewell engagement of Gillette's "Sherlock Holmes."

"The New Zig Zag Alley," which is the attraction at the Grand Opera House this week, is a bit of Atlantic City life is exaggerated form, set on to the stage. It takes little exaggeration at that to outdo the typical doings of this gay resort. The action, brisk and lively, moves around the lower and upper floors and the board walk of the Hotel Zig Zag. The piece is classified as a trick musical farce, and it certainly is full of good vocal numbers, the most popular of which, "The Belle of Avenue A," is sung by Mabelle Davis as Pearlina, the female bell hop. Her partner is Charlie Hooker, as Willie Come, the hotel boy, and together they make the liveliest pair in a panorama of swiftly moving people. Keno, Welch and Melrose supply the acrobatic trimmings in their original, highly approved style. A chorus of pretty, fresh-looking girls with good voices sing the concerted pieces. "Zig Zag Alley," in its revamped form, is first-rate entertainment.

Next week Manager Sheehy will present that beautiful pastoral play, "The Village Postmaster," by Alice Ives and Jerome H. Eddy. It is the last tour of



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the excellent company which presented this play in long runs at New York and Chicago before going to England. In wholesomeness of character and beauty of scenic setting it ranks with the best of the famous Hearn productions.

Early in the season the Grand Opera House will enjoy some ambitious bookings. Mrs. Maddern-Fiske in a new play, Henrietta Crossman, "The Chaperons," and other productions that have been crowded out of the high-priced syndicate houses will be seen at this theater.

Ireland's struggles for freedom, old as

its hills, and always new, is the theme of "The Game-Keeper," the dramatic offering at the Imperial Theater this week. Thomas J. Smith enacts the title rôle and sings the good old Irish folk songs that made the late "Billy" Scanlan famous. In scenic appointment the production is noteworthy, all the principal localities having been painted from photographs made to be utilized in this instance. Erin's atmosphere is steadily maintained throughout the play by the actors and their stage environment.

The Century will open its season Sunday night, September 6th, with "The

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Storks," a merry musical farce, which was seen here last season at the Olympic. The return engagement is expected to prove a most successful one. The cast has been enlarged, and the production beautified in many respects for its coming presentation in New York. The cast now includes Mr. Gus Weinberg. Gilbert Gregory has been re-engaged for the second principal comedy rôle. Abbott Adams will be seen again as the Sleepy Jailer. Fair Femininity will be represented by Ada Deaves, Alma Youlin, Countess von Hatzfeldt, Dorothy Choate, Myra Davis, and others of equal prominence, including that famous choral array known as "A Rosebud Garden of Girls." The sale of seats begins Thursday morning.

The Kelcey-Shannon Company will again be seen in "Sherlock Holmes" at the Olympic for the week commencing Sunday night, September 6th. It will be the farewell engagement of these deservedly popular artists. The play is a dramatization of Conan Doyle's famous detective character, by William Gillette. It has had most successful runs on both sides of the Atlantic. It is intensely dramatic throughout. Mr. Kelcey's impersonation of *Sherlock Holmes* is considered perfect in all its details. The sale of seats begins Thursday.

On Monday evening, September 7th, Pain's latest and greatest spectacle, the "Burning of Rome," will be produced in St. Louis for the first time. This most

elaborate out-door spectacle vividly depicts the burning of the Eternal City under the imperial tyrant, Nero. This is the same attraction that ran for six months at Manhattan Beach, New York, last season, and comes to St. Louis in its entirety. Extensive preparations are being made for this great outdoor exhibition at Handlan's Park, Laclede and Grand avenues, this city.

The action will take place on a grand stage 600 feet long, and will be participated in by some 400 people. The following special nights have been arranged for the opening week of Pain's big spectacle at Handlan's Park: Monday, Labor night, with appropriate designs. Tuesday, St. Louis night, with portrait of Mayor. Wednesday, Elks' night, with portrait and emblems. Friday, Floral night, with pyrotechnic battle of flowers. Saturday, East St. Louis night, with portrait of Mayor. Other special nights will be announced later.

"The Girl from Paris" is doing well at Delmar Garden. It is a musical production with lots of vim and go, furnishing first-class entertainment. A visit to Delmar this week should not be missed.

Commencing with the Sunday matinee, W. B. Watson's "American Burlesquers" will have full sway at the Standard for the ensuing week. The entertainment opens with an original conception by Mr. Watson, entitled "Our Distinguished Guests." It is headed by Mr. Billy W. Watson and Miss Jeannette

DuPree, the king and queen of the burlesque field, assisted by the charming sisters Batcheller. It is a fine, frolicsome show, that should amuse big audiences.

The grand, spectacular "War and Peace" continues to attract at the Suburban Park. It is produced on a scale that is well nigh magnificent. But what else can you expect from Innes? The other features of attraction are well worth seeing. Some of them are of a unique character.

At Koerner's, they applaud the "Girl from Old Missouri." It is a play that is light and highly entertaining throughout. It is artistically staged. Koerner's keep right up to the front as a summer amusement resort.

At Forest Park Highlands, James J. Corbett is easily the leading figure. He does not do much, but what he does is well appreciated by admiring crowds. The Pantzer trio, Davis and Macauley, and the Flood brothers, perform "stunts" which are decidedly interesting.

SOCIETY NOTES

Mrs. G. W. Carson, who went East for a month's stay, is located at Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. William Franklin Scott, of Keokuk, Ia., are visiting in St. Louis for the first time since Mrs. Scott, who was Miss Edith Nugent, niece of Mr. D. C. Nugent, married her husband in Boston last winter.

Mrs. Frances L. Haydel, of Virginia avenue, who has just returned from a trip to the Northern lakes, is entertaining her daughter, Mrs. John B. Jones, of Pensacola, Fla.

Mrs. Eva McEwing and Miss Marie Moore, of New Orleans, are the guests of Mrs. J. H. Behen. Together they will go to Hardin, Ill., to be entertained by Mrs. Dr. S. Flatt, who has also as her guest Mrs. Christopher D. Behen.

Mrs. Eugene Williams and her sons, Eugene and Gates, are at Fort Griswold, Conn.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Norman Jones will return the last of the week from South Haven, Mich., where they have been summering at the Avery Beach Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. George Warren Brown, who spent the summer at Asbury Park with their family, returned to the city last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Stockstrom have for their guest at their pretty Meramec River home, Mrs. Stockstrom's sister, Mrs. M. Wymon, of Joplin, Mo.

Mr. Newlywed: "Do you think you can help me to economize?" Mrs. Newlywed: "Oh, John, I never told you before. I can do my own manicuring." But, John was not quite satisfied with this. He would have liked her to say that she bought only Swope shoes. He knew that that is one excellent way of economizing, for Swope shoes are best in fit, finish and durability. For sale at Swope's, 311 North Broadway, St. Louis, U. S. A.

THE STOCK MARKET

Transactions on Wall street's stock exchange have fallen off very materially. The customary summer dullness, yacht races and continued apathy on the part of the public have reduced commission house business to a minimum. In fact, the market is now suffering from one of the worst spells of dullness that it has experienced for many a month. What trading there is, is thoroughly professional. With few exceptions, fluctuations are narrow and uninteresting. It could, however, be noted in the last few days that the tendency in values is still downward, and that it would be decidedly more so but for the support given to leading stocks by interested syndicates. Of course, the present state of affairs cannot last much longer. Wall street likes to see things humming. If prices won't go down further, they will have to go up; if they cannot be put up, they will have to be knocked to a still lower level. Something has to be done to enliven things, and to make brokers earn commissions.

Monetary considerations are rapidly moving into the foreground. The sub-Treasury operations at New York are being closely watched by vigilant speculative groups. The outflow to the interior has set in moderately, but will surely increase in volume as the weeks pass by. In the last few days, the New York Associated banks have been losers, on sub-Treasury operations, to a quite perceptible extent. At the same time, efforts are making to increase our foreign indebtedness. Finance bills have again made their appearance, and notably affected the rates for sterling exchange. It is confidently believed that New York bankers will not hesitate to apply for large loans in London, Paris and Berlin in the eventuation of anything like a dangerous flurry in money rates. They still profess to believe that they will have no difficulty in drawing gold from abroad, should that become necessary. While they must be presumed to know their business, it is likely that they are a trifle too optimistic. The Bank of England's proportion of reserve to liability is falling; it is now several notches below what it was a year ago

for the same date. The banks in Germany, Roumania, Egypt and South America are still pulling and trying to empty its vaults. It is, therefore, not surprising to hear that it is considered probable that the Bank of England's official rate of discount will have to be raised in the near future, as a measure of protection against the sharp competitive demand for the yellow metal.

An enlargement of our indebtedness in Europe could hardly be considered a bullish factor, especially when it is borne in mind that imports into this country continue to grow at a remarkable rate, and that the foreign demand for our breadstuffs and cotton is woefully small, compared with what it used to be up to two years ago. The corner in the cotton market bids fair practically to ruin our export trade in this staple. Foreigners cannot afford to pay the prohibitive prices created and maintained by millionaire gamblers in New Orleans and New York. Corn shipments are larger than they were a year ago, but still most decidedly below the normal, and as there seems to be but little prospect of any sharp decline in quotations, but little hope can be entertained of an increase in European demand. Practically the same must be said of wheat. Shipments of this staple are the smallest for years. There may be some improvement within the next few weeks, but only in case speculators in the grain pits refrain from carrying out their lately-announced intention to whoop up things and to work for "dollar wheat."

Bulls continue to "point with pride" to exceptionally favorable railroad earnings, such as have lately been submitted by the Erie, Missouri Pacific and Atchison, and a few other leading systems. The annual statement of the first-named was particularly strong, inasmuch as it showed a fair percentage earned on the common shares. Yet, for the nonce, such bullish news falls utterly flat, for the reason, of course, that the professionals are in supreme control, and just contenting themselves with "scalping" for eighths, quarters and halves. After a while, however, these splendid revenues will undoubtedly be brought to the fore and "worked" to the limit, in case bull interests should decide to lift quotations to a substantially higher level. For the present, all one can do is to keep "tab" on things of this kind, so as to be prepared to utilize them at the proper time.

In Europe, security markets are still in the doldrums, just as they are here. None of the leading international bond issues displays strength or reflects a revival in investment inquiry. Consols are hovering close to the bottom, being depressed by the disquieting state of affairs in Macedonia and the Far East and rumors of impending large loans. In Paris, French rentes are suffering from uninterrupted liquidation, and the public will not touch anything in the least dubious or likely to be affected by industrial or political complications. Yet it cannot, at the same time, be denied that the feeling among the *haute finance* is distinctly bullish. The impression prevails there that, barring a further deterioration in political conditions in Turkey

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and China, a decisive upward movement in all international markets is sure to set in within the not remote future. In England, it would seem, tariff agitation is also partly responsible for the unsatisfactory position of the investment market.

It is now believed that the corn crop will be well up to the 2,000,000,000 bushel mark. The early corn is about made, while the late-planted should be beyond danger of frost by the beginning of October. Some unfavorable reports are being received about the condition of cotton in Texas and parts of Louisiana, but well-informed authorities declare that the total yield will be about equal to that of a year ago. Thus, taken all around, the agricultural industry is in gratifying position, and practically assured of another year of abundance and prosperity. For the railroads this is a particularly encouraging factor, inasmuch as it justifies them in hoping that continued gains in gross revenues will more than offset the enhanced cost of wages and material.

Dullness in trading will probably continue a little while longer. Neither bull nor bear leaders will care to resume the aggressive on a large scale pending the puzzling monetary and industrial uncertainties. Late developments in the iron and steel business are still exciting apprehension. The weakness of the United States Steel issues is considered ominous. Among consumers, the opinion is growing that further cuts in prices are inevitable. In view of this, the "outside" trader should not be in a hurry to rush in where fellows bigger than he fear to tread. There's no use and no profit in buying stocks when everybody is wondering "where he is at," and when no one is able to tell what may happen next.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

In the St. Louis market, prices move in a languid way. "There's nothing doing," brokers say. Once in a while, a little demand springs up for a favorite bank or trust company stock, but it never assumes sufficient proportions to stimulate the rest of the list. Buyers are not numerous, while it is suspected that a good many sellers are waiting to come out of the underbrush as soon as quotations begin to move up a bit. Developments in Wall street are anxiously followed. The saying now is, "as goes Wall street, so goes St. Louis." The more optimistic brokers confidently look for a revival in speculative and investment demand as soon as the mercury has ceased its attempts to reach the boiling notch.

Missouri Trust developed some activity in the last few days. On numerous small buying orders it climbed up to 129½. What the cause of the buying movement is, nobody seems to know. Commonwealth Trust sold at 260, and Lincoln Trust at 247½. Bank of Commerce is offering at 320, and American Central Trust at 155.

St. Louis Transit continues lifeless. It is selling at about 18½. United Railways preferred is still purchasable at 67, around which point it has been pegged for some time.

United Railways 4s are quiet. They are quoted at 80 bid, 80½ asked. St. Louis Brewing Association 6s are a little higher; the present quotation is 93½ bid. For Missouri-Edison 5s 96½ is bid. Central Coal and Coke common is inactive; it is offering at 63½. Chicago Railway Equipment is in poor demand at 6½. Kinloch Telephone 6s are firm; 106 is the present bid for them.

Local bank clearances showed a

small increase in the past week. Rates for time and call loans are firm at 5½ and 6 per cent. Drafts on New York are still quoted at par bid, 10c premium asked. Sterling is higher; the last quotation was 4.86½.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

L. L. F., Macon, Mo.—Would recommend selling Southern common at your point. Not likely to go much higher. Insiders have gotten rid of their loads. Would hold Southern Pacific for a while.

S. W., Elgin, Ill.—As you are able to hang on, you might as well stick to your St. Paul. Don't think much of Great Western "B." Too much of a "specialty" to be attractive.

A. W. O'B.—Erie 2d does not pay anything at present, although the full 4 per cent is being earned. While it is comparatively inactive, and therefore no speculative favorite, consider it is fairly promising stock to hold.

Drosten.—Hard to tell. Keep your eye on the money market. Prices are undoubtedly entitled to a good rally. If no further, menacingly weak spots should crop out, you are likely to be given a chance soon to sell without a loss.

R. E. E., Ft. Madison, Ia.—Would hold the bonds. Nothing the matter with them. Keep out of Alton common. Believe Sugar will go lower after a while.

Lewis, Evansville, Ind.—Would hold Atchison common. The high and low on it, in 1902, was 96½ and 74¼. Big Four common pays 4 per cent. High on it, in 1902, was 108½.

R. J. C.—Consider it an attractive proposition. Would, however, defer buying for a few weeks. In case of a resumption of bull activity stock should easily rise again to about 40.


NEW BOOKS

"The Gentleman from Jay," by George William Louttit, is a story calculated to "make the unskillful laugh and the judicious grieve." It turns about the doings and experiences of Thomas Tucker, an old-fashioned "hayseed," who is elected to the Legislature and contributes to the gayety of the State law-givers and of his constituents by his homely wit and a series of mistakes arising from his rural cast of mind and natural ignorance and inexperience. He has a winsome daughter, Susie, for whose affections there are two rivals, an honest farm hand and a young, rising lawyer. The plot is thin and amateurish throughout. "The Gentleman from Jay" is one of those stories which we cannot escape from, and which, at the same time, never lack purchasers. Published by G. W. Dillingham Co., New York.

The September number of that progressive monthly publication, "The Booklovers' Magazine," is full of good things. We note a vigorously written article on "Hermann Sudermann: Novelist and Dramatist," by Albert Elmer Hancock, with a translation of some extracts from "Honor," and of a short story entitled "A New Year's Eve Confession." Also, "A Gallery of Modern Art," by S. Decatur Smith, Jr., with reproductions in color, and in black and white, from the collection of Mr. Peter A. Schemm. Silas G. Pratt relates some interesting personal reminiscences of Liszt, the maestro. There are numerous excellent illustrations in this number.

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"If you please, sir," said Johnny, rushing up to a neighbor who was diligently digging in his garden, "father and the hired man have been cleaning out the well, and are in the mud up to their knees."

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 White-Stripe Washable Peau de Soie—manufacturer's price, 69c—Auction Price42½c
 Small Blue-and-White Check Taffeta—manufacturer's price, 79c—Auction Price49c

Pointellas, in all shades—manufacturer's price, 85c—Auction Price69c
 Splendid Heavy Black Gros Grain—manufacturer's price, 85c—Auction Price59c
 Striped Peau de Soie, in light colors—manufacturer's price, 60c—Auction Price29c
 27-inch Taffeta, in blue and purple only—manufacturer's price, 75c—Auction Price49c
 Corded Black Taffeta—manufacturer's price, 55c—Auction Price39c
 Changeable Taffetas, all shades, manufacturer's price, 75c—Auction Price50c
 27-inch Black Satin Duchesse—manufacturer's price, \$1.00—Auction Price69c
 150 pieces of the newest weaves in Taffetas, Peau de Ceine, Louisines, Pointellas and Fancies, in all the latest coloring and combinations for shirt-waist suits, just opened this week.

BLANKETS

On our **SECOND FLOOR** we have placed on sale a lot of slightly soiled Blankets at less than half prices. Their usefulness or beauty is not impaired in the least, and you have here an unheard-of opportunity to lay in your Winter Blankets at summer prices.

About 450 pairs White and Gray California Wool Blankets, all full size—in this lot we offer you the best bargain—some of these are slightly soiled, but Blankets that were, per pair, \$10.50, \$9.50, \$7.50 and \$6.00, will be closed out, per pair, \$6.50, \$5.75, \$4.98 and\$4.25

200 11-4 Gray Mottled Shaker Blankets, with fancy borders—were \$1.75—now at, per pair\$1.25



About 250 pairs 10-4 size, Gray, White and Tan Fleeced Cotton Blankets—were \$1.25—now at, per pair65c

Some 300 slightly soiled Comforts of all descriptions, that were sold at \$3.50 and \$2.50, will now be sold at, per Comfort, \$1.75 and\$1.49

400 full size Comforts, all good patterns and good covering—were \$1.75—now\$1.15

COLORED DRESS GOODS

Advance arrivals of some of the newest fine, plain and novelty dress fabrics for the fall of 1903. Styles exclusive and prices always the lowest.

38-inch All-Wool Pebble, Nette and Etamine Cords, complete line of new fall shades—Opening Price50c

45-inch French Double Warp Crepe Mistral, very serviceable and does not crush—Opening Price85c

54-inch new Scotch Mixtures, for skirts, in gray effects, the very latest—Opening Price\$1.00

New English Vestings, in Marseilles weaves, the swell novelty fabric for fall waists, exclusive designs—Opening Price89c

50-inch Burlap Cloth, in boucle effects, entirely new, comes in all the popular shades—Opening Price\$1.00

50-inch Nubian Canvas Cloth, another entirely new weave, especially desirable for whole suits—Opening Price\$1.39

54-inch extra high grade French Camel's Hair Zibeline, the finest fabric in the market—Opening Price\$1.69



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